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"JEHOVAH-NISSI."

THE LIFE-STORY
OF

Matash'-Kasha-Kathisi.

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1888.



1901.

INTRODUCTION TO SECOND EDITION.

I AM most pleased to write a few words in commendation of the "Life Story" of one whom I have learned to count among my Christian Friends and "Helpers in Christ Jesus." This little Book has been revised and much information supplied which was omitted in the first Edition, by a Gentleman who has shewn a great interest in its Author—MR. HATASHIL MASHA KATHISH, and his native land.

Its contents remind me of several most happy and successful Missionary Gatherings in connection with the C. M. S., undertaken for me by Mr. Kathish in the Forest of Dean—Addresses which stirred up unwonted interest in "Darkest Africa" and the Soudan. We believe it is the life-hope of our African Friend (if the way should open to him) to go forth with an expedition to his native Tribe—the Dinkas—to preach the Gospel that has done so much for him.

I sincerely commend the Title given this Edition—"JEHOVAH-NISSI." Truly the God of Israel has been the "banner" and the "shield" of the Author throughout his chequered life to the present time.

I heartily wish him "God-speed."

THOS. LONGSTAFF, M.A., (Oxon.)

Vicar of St. Stephen's, Cinderford,

Oct. 1901.

(Hon. Dist. Sec. C.M.S. for South Forest.)



THE EDITOR'S PREFACE

SINCE, in the Providence of God, I was first introduced to our Friend—Mr. Hatashil Masha Kathish, I have had frequent opportunities of watching his intellectual and spiritual growth. No greater evidence of this growth can be adduced than in comparing the two Photographs given in this Edition. If the Reader will study the Photograph of 1888, he will observe that it is a portrait of our Friend as a *Child of Nature*. The Photo specially taken for this Edition reveals the great physical and intellectual change that has come to him in the meantime. It illustrates what the grace of God can effect in the individual life of a man—while it is a reason in favour of Mr. Kathish (when the time comes) returning to his People to be, in the hands of God, the means of carrying to them the Gospel that has so marvellously transformed him and raised him to his present condition—intellectual and spiritual.

In this Edition an effort has been made to bring into consecutive chapters the various incidents of his Life—his parentage, home-life, relations, &c., and to supply information regarding the religious rites and worship of his Tribe. This information was omitted in the first Edition. The Reader will also find a re-arrangement of the subsequent incidents in the Author's life, in the order in which they occurred. A closing chapter brings the events of his Life to the present date.

Trusting that this Edition may have as large a circulation as the former one—and that it will secure for the Author a far wider field of usefulness, is the one prayer of the Editor.

WM. ENGLEDDOW HARBORD

THE MANOR HOUSE,
STUTTON, IPSWICH.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

DEAR READER,

Many events and very great changes have occurred since the issue of the first Edition of my Life-Story, in 1889. At that time truly I was as a child, and I "thought as a child, and spoke as a child"; but now experience has enabled me to a very great extent to "put away childish things," whilst I trust I retain the child-like spirit, which the Master teaches to be the greatest glory of man.

This Life Story was originally put into English prose by a very dear Friend. Fourteen thousand copies of which have been sold. It was written specially for Boys: but it found such a wide circulation among Adults that I have been urged frequently to revise the Story. I have, therefore, done so, trusting that it will not lose any of its charm to my young Friends, while it will satisfy my senior Friends throughout England.

In this Edition I have added some information respecting my People and myself that to my Adult Readers may prove both interesting and helpful in seeing GOD as they have not seen Him before—as "JEHOVAH-NISSI." For such He has been to me.

Let me assure my dear young Friends—both boys and girls—that I have not taken out any of the romance of the first Edition, and I can still say I have let you have enough left to last you through two or three long, dark evenings of the holidays. But when the Book has been laid aside for the night, and you have got safe off to "Bye-bye Land," you are not to be screaming in your sleep about lions, snakes, and slave-dealers, or your startled Friends will be indulging hard thoughts against your poor Friend, and wishing him away in his native Africa, if not in some still more distant place. The moral is—avoid eating too much rich food for supper, and you will be more likely to have pleasant dreams.

Each year since the issue of the first Edition, God, in His great goodness, has raised up for me many new Friends. The increasing demands for Special Services, Missionary and Temperance Meetings, etc., proves the call, the Head of the Church, has, by His Grace, given me, unworthy as I am. Still, in the depths of my heart, my desire is to be permitted, in the near future, to preach to my own kindred the precious Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Whilst waiting patiently for this opportunity may I ask my Readers to pray that when the open door presents itself I may be able to go to my native land so filled with the power of the Holy Spirit, that the purposes of God may be fully accomplished in and through me, to my People and that He may really become to them, not only "JEHOVAH-NISSI," "a banner" over them, and "a shield" to defend them, but it shall be the joy of the Dinka Tribe, that they can inscribe on their National banner—"JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU"—"The Lord our Righteousness."

Yours sincerely in Christ,

HATASHIL MASHA KATHISH.

(Baptismal Name—Salim Wilson.)

Oct., 1901.

“JEHOVAH-NISSI.”



THE LIFE-STORY OF HATASHIL-MASHA-KATHISH.

CHAPTER I.

PARENTAGE AND NAME.

MY FATHER

MY beloved Father was a Dinka Chief. The tribe to which he belonged appointed him to be its Ruler. He was a man of a retiring nature and this honour became so burdensome that he determined to lay it aside. He acquainted his People with his resolve, but they refused to hear of it. “No,” they said, “you remain at our Head, and we will promise, that when you die, your son shall continue to act as our Chief.

My Father, my poor, dear Father—he was such a noble man. It was because of his goodness that the Tribe chose him to be its Chief. I often imagine that I can see him, looking so tall and war-like, in the leopardskin that he wore as Chief, with his ostrich feathers and other ornaments, adding still more to his martial appearance. But though a Chief, every inch of him, my Father was kind and gentle. He was scarcely ever angry at home unless he found that his Wives had stolen his tobacco. He must have been rather prone to melancholy, and the sadness that was sometimes seen in his face made his enemies call him “A Drinker of Sour Milk.” Those who met him in battle, however, never found him a man to be mocked, and many a man has gone down before his spear. He was as fleet-footed, as he was brave, and has run from sunrise to mid-day without stopping to take any rest. He could not have been old at the time of his death, but his hair had gone white as wool. Whether this was owing to some past sorrow, or whether he had a presentiment of the coming evils that at length befell his Family and himself, and

it was this that caused his general sadness, and changed the colour of his hair I cannot say; but I loved both to see and to stroke it—indeed it was one of my childhood's pleasures to stand on his knee, to put my cheek to his, and to thrust my fingers into his soft white curls. May-be, too, the action of my childish hands was as pleasing to him as to me.

MY MOTHER.

You have heard of cases in which Heathenism would appear to have removed all natural affection from the human breast. This is so in many parts of the Heathen World, but I am glad to say that strong was the love of the Dinka people for their children, and strong was the love of the Dinka children for their parents. My Mother was a true woman. Her little "Masha" was as dear to her as any English boy would be to his Mother. She nursed and tended me most carefully when I was an infant. Many a night has she remained wakeful to keep away the flies from her sleeping child. But she did not stay with me long. She went on a visit to my Uncle Maichill, and was stricken with the small-pox while in his home. I never saw her after she was taken ill, though I went to the grave that had swallowed her up, and wept as a child will weep, when I realized that I should never see her again.

MY NAME.

As I give my name, the Reader will need open ears to take it in, and an open mouth to pronounce it. It is Hatashil, Masha-Kathish. Hatashil means "The Continuer"—Masha, "The value of the Black Ox"—and Kathish, "Asked of God."

It will be perceived that the Dinka Tribe preserve amongst them a very great many of the old Patriarchal customs. How this can be explained is not for me to suggest, but the name I bear is an illustration of this. I was the son in question when my Father's Tribe requested him to remain as Chief, and hence my name "Hatashil."

With regard to "Masha"—the men in Dinka Land purchase their Wives, and when my Father went off to buy my Mother, he took with him seventy head of cattle; but as he tried to bargain for his Bride, he expressed a strong desire to retain a fine black ox, as he had an eye to business. My Grandfather could not see it, and gave him plainly to understand that he would have the ox or keep his Daughter. I need not say who had the ox—the hard-fisted old man; and his Daughter came away to my

Father's hut as his Wife; and when, in after days, a young stranger appeared on the scene, he was named, possibly in playfulness, "Masha," or, "The value of the Black Ox."

"Kathish" is a Family name. As my Grandfather, on my Father's side, had a lot of Daughters, but no son, his kinsfolk and friends came together one day, and, with many sacrifices, besought "The God of Families" to give their Friend a son. In due time, a son was born, and, believing he had been given in answer to prayer, they called him "Kathish," which, like the Hebrew name Samuel, means "Asked," or "Heard of God." This afterwards became the name for all my Father's descendants.



CHAPTER II.

MY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

MANY years have gone by since I saw it last, but I love to think of Amerwai. It often enters my waking thoughts, and is present to my dreams. Its huts were scattered about a plain that was watered by the river Ayugh; and dotted here and there in the openings of a large forest. Nearly every homestead had, connected with it, a little plot of cultivated ground, and many a hut was over-shadowed by some fruit-bearing tree, such as the fig. The surrounding scenery was such as only Africa can show, and as I remember it, my old Home, for beauty of situation, might have been in Paradise.

Now my young Friends may prick up their ears—we were in “The Elephant Country.” Of course, you have been to the “Zoo,” but do not think that the big beasts that live in the woods around Amerwai are tame and docile like your London elephants. Not a bit of it. They could be as mischievous as monkeys, and as fierce as tigers. They would trample down our People’s crops, and many a time have I heard weeping because of the damage they had done to our fields. Sometimes they would come right up to a hut, and thrust a long trunk inside. On such occasions, they would get a taste of cold steel, or of a brand from the hearth that was the opposite to cold. But it was dangerous to provoke them. If maddened by the pain of a wound, an elephant would probably charge at a hut and, tumbling it over on all inside, would make matters more lively than comfortable for those who had ventured to trifle with its feelings.

NATURE’S TRAINING.

It is scarcely necessary to say we had no schools in Dinka land. “None the worse off for that,” some of my young Friends will say, whose recollections of last term involve such ideas as “impos.,” “canes,” etc. These, I imagine, will agree with me when I say we managed to be happy without them. We wrestled, ran races, and rather frequently fought, though not always after the scientific fashion of those who have a “set-to,” in “Tom Brown’s Schooldays.” Did not Dinka boys know how to laugh! The woods rang again while we were at some of our games. We

had our quieter pleasures too; and, as boys are boys the wide world over, we loved to gather in groups and discuss, as lads do in this country, the terrible things of "Wonder Land." Marvellous it was what some of us had seen, and more marvellous what some of us had heard! But whatever the conversation began with, it was sure to end with guns; and since, in our belief, it was possible to kill anything, at any distance—though far away as the moon itself—with one of these wonderful weapons, of course, it was the one desire of our life, to be the owner of one.

As my Father was the Head Man of our Tribe, his position gave me some little authority over my many playmates. Do not imagine though that these dusky juveniles were the dutiful subjects they might have been. When I tell you the story of the scar on my forehead, you will readily believe that my right to rule was sometimes challenged by those beneath me.

REVENGING A CHARGE OF COWARDICE.

I shall have to relate how I narrowly escaped becoming a prey to a lioness and her cubs. My danger on this occasion was so great, that I was confined to the hut for some two or three months, with an illness that was the result of terror. When I did get out again I was reminded, by a host of chattering youngsters, that a Chief's son might be a coward. Weakness made me patient for a while, though my tormentors grew more troublesome every day. At last, I deemed myself strong enough to prove I was *not* a coward, and, taking a young rascal by the legs, I threw him to the ground, and then pummelled him so vigorously that little life would have been left in him if the tide of battle had not turned against me. But he managed, alas! to regain his feet, and then it was my turn to go to earth, for I got such a blow from his iron arm-ring that I went down as though I had been shot, and lay, all stunned and bleeding, till, taking me up by my arms and legs, his companions bore me off home. He, too, made tracks for home when he saw what a plight I was in, and well for him he did, or my brothers and sisters would have killed him on the spot. My Father possessed more self-control than they, but it would have been a sorry matter for the young gentleman had he crossed his path during the next few days—while I, on my part, vowed revenge of the direst nature imaginable. But while it left me with a scar for life, the wound on my forehead was very soon healed, and my opponent was left to go unpunished.

NATIVE CHILDREN AT PLAY.

English children play at "Church" and "Chapel." One will be the parson, one the clerk, and another the organist. Dinka children used to imitate the religious acts of older people, and I have often played the part of the Priest. In the first place we gathered shells, and regarded these as so many cows. One was then selected from among the others, and polished well with goat's milk. This was the cow that was to be sacrificed, and over this I had to repeat a form of words such as the Priest would use in actual sacrifice. When this part of the business was over, we would all troop off to the woods, and make believe we were feeding on sacrificed flesh. How much alike are children's amusements in every part of the world! When Christ was on earth He scathingly rebuked the Pharisees and Scribes by comparing them to children playing in the market-place, games that caught the spirit of the times and the unrest of their Elders.



CHAPTER III.

MY FAMILY RELATIONS.

I HAVE nothing special to tell about my brothers and sisters, most of whom were younger than myself. I remember my uncles, aunts, and cousins, better. One Aunt was blind; but, by the way, she got married, and blind though she was, her Husband had to pay to my Grandfather her price in cattle, just the same as though he had married either of her sisters. Several of my Cousins came to live near us, and as they were strong and warlike men they helped much to strengthen my Father's influence among our People; but two or three of them were killed, while attempting to defend their Families and fields from the Arabs.

A BAD COUSIN.

I had one cousin of whom I must speak more particularly, lest you form too high an opinion of the Dinka People. He was one of the greatest scoundrels earth ever bore on its surface. His Mother was early left a widow, but his courage and audacity enabled him to get on in life as well as though he had always known the strong support of a Father's counsel. Among other things he professed himself able to cure small-pox. His method was to fill his mouth with water and blow it into the face of the sick person. If he recovered, my Cousin claimed a spear, a sack of corn, or a cow, as payment for his services.

HIS LOVE FOR HIS WIFE.

When the Arabs, of whom I shall have to say more by-and-bye, had so far established their power among our People as to make them pay tribute of corn, cattle, &c., this fellow refused to give them anything, and to punish his obstinacy they took away his Wife. I should not have thought him capable of loving anyone, or anything, save himself; but, at any rate, he seems to have loved her; and when she was gone, he set his wits to work to devise some means of recovering her.

HIS PLAUSIBLE STORY.

He came to my Father with a long and plausible story. He knew a Chief of Gök who wanted a Wife from another Tribe

and was willing to give almost any price for the woman that would suit him. One of my sisters was the very person, and he would gladly undertake to deliver her up to this great Chief, and bring back her price to my Father. A terrible famine prevailed at the time, for the Arabs had destroyed the crops they were unable to take away, and the temptation must have been very, very strong; but my father's will was stronger. The Gōk Chief had made peace with the Arabs, and that was enough for him.—He would not part with his child.

This villain then went to my Uncle, who, alas, fell into the snare laid for him, and gave up his eldest daughter. Of course she had only been wanted to redeem my Cousin's Wife, and it nearly broke the poor man's heart when he learnt how cruelly he had been deceived. "My child, my child," was his cry for days, and it was long before he would allow himself to be comforted.



CHAPTER IV.

RELIGIOUS RITES AND CUSTOMS.

I HAVE already referred to the patriarchal character of the Dinka Tribe. It is not for me to speculate or romance as to the origin of this. The question however has arisen—What relationship does this Tribe bear to the Lost Tribes of Israel? My Readers will see, as I proceed, that this is not an unreasonable query. It has also been surmised that, prior to the Exodus, some Israelites escaped from Egyptian bondage and migrated to the district now inhabited by the Dinkas; if so, they would have retained many Jewish ideas and usages which in course of time have lost their original force and exactitude.

Most Heathen nations have gods after their own imagination—some of stone or wood—some in the form of a beast or bird of prey, or even of some loathsome creature such as a serpent, scorpion, or the like. The Dinkas have no idol-gods of any such character. Some have thought that the religion of the Dinkas was a remnant of the ancient Egyptian worship before it was influenced by the arts of civilization. In the earlier days of their history they worshipped the God of Nature. Like the Egyptians we had no preachers—no books—so that the well-known lines express the character of our worship; we found,

“Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks;
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.”

Be this as it may, the Dinkas had no daily performance of religion. They believed in God as the Father of men—as the Creator of the Universe—and as a Spirit whom they addressed as “Yasth,” that is, “reverend,” “holy,” “pure,” “the breath of God.” The spirits of their Ancestors also received adoration. In evidence of the first theory I may state that the words of invocation employed in their worship were on the lines of the ancient Jewish idioms—“the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob.” Then the Chief of the Tribe was usually the Priest also, who offered sacrifices on behalf of the people in times of great trouble, such as plague or famine or want of rain or mildew, as well as in time of war.

SACRIFICIAL RITES.

The animal selected to be offered in sacrifice was burnt in the open-air, all through the day, in large pots. The greatest care was exercised lest any portion of it should boil over into the fire. The idea was—that God was in the sacrifice. The animal thus offered was not always roasted, but frequently boiled. The flesh of the beast sacrificed was eaten only by the priest or his near kinsfolk. They considered themselves dogs, eating that which was not fit for their Master's use, it being sodden flesh. When a sacrifice was made to appease the wrath of God, the sick were brought to the place of sacrifice, and the hair or wool of the animal was plucked off and burnt with a bundle of dry grass. This was placed close to the nose of the sick person, so that the odour of it might fill his nostrils. Then the feet of the animal were tied together and the man who was to be cured was made to sit upon its body. If the animal died immediately it was regarded as a token that the sacrifice was accepted, and it was hoped that the sick person would recover. If it died a lingering death, the sacrifice was thought to have been in vain.

It not unfrequently happened that when a Dinka killed an animal for food, he secured the liver and kidneys, and hid them in a corner of his hut, with the idea that these portions belonged to God and the souls of his departed relatives. These however frequently happened to be the only portions left to him for his personal use, as relatives would come, and as a matter of course, claim a large share of the slain animal.

REVERENCE FOR A SUPREME BEING.

This was characteristic of the Dinka Tribe. So great and strong is this feeling that the children are not allowed to use the name of God in an irreverent way. If they named God in their play they were taught to do so very solemnly. If they broke this rule they were severely punished.

THE RELIGIOUS RITES BEFORE GOING TO WAR.

These rites of the Dinka Tribe are very significant of their belief in an unknown God. The Chief (who was also the Priest) would anoint the knees of all the warriors, praying that their bones might be filled with marrow; this meant that they might be healthy and strong for the battle. The Chief would then anoint his head with oil and sit in the burning sun all through the day, pleading with the Divine Being for the success of those fighting. They had wonderful faith in the Supreme Being's power to help and deliver them at such times.

FALSE PROPHETS.

While all this is true, the Dinka Tribe, like many Christian nations, had their false Prophets. Some would claim that they were the "Chief of the Rain," others, that they were the "Chief of Shell," &c. There were also those who believed in the transmigration of souls.

A SPECIES OF WITCHCRAFT.

There prevailed a large amount of superstition, especially among the women, regarding "the evil eye." It is truly wonderful what some of the women could do and the acts they performed. They believe that any person having an "evil eye" can by some mysterious means fix pieces of sand, bark, or charcoal on to the person of any man or woman they dislike; or their victim may even be made lame or blind. I remember a clever Dinka woman who professed to have the power to remove from the body of the victim of the "evil eye" these unpleasant things. I have watched her very keenly, with boyish curiosity as she performed her incantations, but could never detect how she accomplished her tricks, for they could not have been anything but clever impositions. The woman had simply a bowl of pure water by her, into which she dipped her hand, and then withdrew it, showing it to us; she then very gently smote the supposed injured part. To our intense astonishment pieces of sand, bark, or charcoal jumped out of the body and stuck to her hand. I can only record the fact, leaving my readers to discover the *modus operandi* by which the trick was accomplished.

CEREMONIAL RITES OF THE DEAD.

Again we are reminded of our Patriarchal descent. The Dinka Tribe believed in defilement by death. The mourning for the dead continued for weeks, as with the ancient Jews. The People wore cords, put ashes on their heads, and the women would tear off their garments made of sheep or goat skins. These garments were aprons fastened round their loins and hung in front and at the back of their body. The bereaved family was totally deserted for days as unclean, until a sacrifice had been offered. This consisted of a young sheep, goat or ass, or perhaps an old cow being slain and roasted over a fire of green wood. This fire caused a very large amount of smoke, through which the relatives of the deceased passed as an act of purification. After this ceremony they were again considered clean, and could associate with their neighbours. Some of the mourners, in addition to wearing cords and putting on ashes, shaved their heads; while others neglected their persons to such an extent that they did not use water to cleanse themselves or oil to make their bodies shine.

CHAPTER V.

AN EXCITING ADVENTURE

FACING A LIONESS

IHAVE already referred to my adventure with an awful lioness ; I may say that my Father had taught me never to run away from any wild animal on which I might chance to stumble. "Nay, stand your ground like a man," said he, "and keep your eyes steadily fixed upon it, till it shall run away from you." Boys who intend to travel, may ponder this advice. I would not say stand your ground under any and all circumstances. There are cases in which running, and a little dodging, would pay better than standing still. Were a mischievous bull to get on your track while crossing some English meadow, and you thought you could reach a neighbouring fence, of course you would do your level best to put that fence between the bull and yourself, nor would you be long in doing it. Still, it is well to remember that there are very, very few animals that can endure the gaze of the human eye.

On the occasion to which I refer, I was tending my Father's sheep and goats, when the latter disentangled themselves from the sheep, and ran off to a jungle of scrub and tall grass. This often forms a covert for beasts of prey, so I went after them to fetch them back ; but I had not gone very far, before the peculiar motions of an ancient goat arrested my attention. It seemed under the influence of terror, though for some time I could see nothing to alarm either myself or it. But what was that in the grass just before me ? A mangled white deer lay there, that had recently been killed by some stronger animal ; but it was not the sight of the deer's torn carcass that had paralysed the old goat with fear and fetched my own heart to my mouth—a few yards before me, lay a lioness with three cubs, playing round her like kittens. My Father's instructions rushed into my mind, but I doubt whether I *could* have run, even though I had tried my best. I stood as if rooted to the ground, and horror of horrors ! one of the cubs came up and licked me just as a puppy would have done. I had acted on my Father's counsel hitherto, though for how long I could not say ; but this made me think I had stood

long enough. I dared not take my eyes from Madam Lion, but began to move slowly backwards. The cubs were evidently in for a bit of fun, and they began to move in the same direction. This, however, would have troubled me but little, had not their preparations to follow me disturbed their more dangerous mother. She did not approve of it at all, for she raised herself from the ground, and stretched herself as a cat will do when it has been sleeping on the hearth, and gave a peculiar kind of growl which instantly drew the cubs back to her. The same growl nerved me to make a run for life; and I am sure I put my feet to the ground as I had never done before, nor have ever done since. Had she followed I hardly believe she would have caught me, for I seemed to fly rather than run; but I do not suppose she came a single step after me. Her feast on the deer had satisfied her for a while.

THE RESULT OF THE ADVENTURE,

My Father and his men took their bows and spears, when they learned the secret of my terrible distress, but failed to find either the lioness or her cubs. It is most probable that while I was running in one direction, she was moving off in another. The sight of her, however, had nearly sufficed to make my life-history a short one; for, as I have already said, the fright she gave me, made me ill for months.



CHAPTER VI.

SNAKE INCIDENTS.

AFRICANS who live in huts have snakes for very near neighbours. They get into the mud walls and the thatch, and there they will stay, unless the ants drive them off, for the ants will tolerate neither snakes nor rats. Fancy that you are about to close your eyes for a night's sleep, and you see the two wicked peepers of a snake looking down on you from the thatch overhead. Not a comfortable sensation! But you would have to get used to this kind of thing if living in an African village.

MY MOTHER'S ADVENTURE.

It is not always that the snake remains in the thatch, or keeps to his hole in the wall. My Mother once made a cradle out of a piece of untanned calf skin, and, suspending it by a rod from the roof of the hut, she put into it a baby brother of mine, and went out to see someone in the village while he got an afternoon nap. When she had gone some little distance, a strange sense of threatened evil took possession of her mind, and she felt she must go back home. It was well for the babe that she yielded to this impulse, for no sooner had she re-entered the hut, than she saw a sight that, for a moment or two, seemed to curdle the blood in her veins. There, partly curled around the cradle, and wickedly watching the little sleeper, was a large and venomous snake. Her screams for assistance soon collected a crowd, and his snakeship was speedily despatched. But to my dying day I shall not forget how viciously he struck at those who killed him. Does not this incident prove the watchful care of Divine Providence? The strong impulse in my Mother's bosom was sent by the unknown God whom my Tribe worshipped in ignorance.

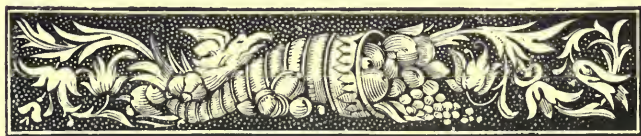
A REVENGEFUL SNAKE.

I knew of five persons who were killed by a single snake. It had found its mate dead in a forest path, and, remaining near the spot, it lunged out at every passer-by till five had fallen victims to its rage. Some, I know, would question the truth of this statement, but in "The Journals of Dr. Livingstone," they will read that a snake, without any apparent provocation, attacked a little girl the Doctor knew, and instantly made off to

a place of hiding. The child died in about ten minutes. The next day, at the same place, the same snake attacked a man, whose comrades buried him by the side of the girl, they knowing nothing of her untimely end till told by the Doctor's people. It is certain that snakes are not things to be trifled with.

A SNAKE TAMER.

I had an Aunt who could tame snakes—my poor old Auntie Aryuna. She would talk to them as though they were human beings, and make them do whatever she bade them. One of the uses she put them to, was to guard her plot of ground; and, as my Mother once discovered, to her no small terror, they had also to do duty in protecting her home. The latter had once gone on a visit to her, and was about to enter the hut, when a hissing snake rose up in the doorway, and prevented her from advancing another step. Needless to say she beat a speedy retreat; but when my Aunt came to see her visitor and recognised my Mother, her scaly defender was made to retire, and went off at the word of command like a dog that had misbehaved itself. Astounding as this may seem to my English Reader, it is not only true, but it also illustrates the native intelligence of even a heathen woman.



CHAPTER VII.

THE ARAB SLAVE RAIDERS.

I NOW come to the saddest part of my life's history—my Father's murder, and my own captivity.

When the late invasion of Egypt by the Arabs was under discussion in the House of Commons, it was asked whether the Egyptian People were not prepared to welcome the Invaders? There was something cruel in that question, for what People on the face of the earth would welcome those who made it the business of their life to murder and enslave all who came beneath their power?

THE ARABS' FIRST VISIT TO DINKA.

When they first appeared in Dinka Land they disguised their intentions only too well. They were quiet, and seemingly disposed to trade with our People after a peaceable fashion. None knew whence they had come, and none knew their language. Some said they had come from under the sea, some thought them inhabitants of another world. They brought red and blue beads which they bartered away for milk, flour, and butter. Our People refused to part with their cattle. The Arabs however were not long before they came out in their true character, for one day when they were pretending to strike a bargain with one of our Chiefs he found out that they were determined to cheat him. This made him angry, and he may have been rough with them; but they shot him down, and stabbed him again and again as he lay helpless on the ground. Then they seized his family, his servants, and all on whom they could lay hands, and marched them away, bound and yoked together, to one of their own settlements. The news of this outrage went like wildfire through the land. Everywhere it was the same cry—"The people from the bottom of the sea have killed one of our chiefs with the iron they carry on their shoulders, and have taken off his family." This was our People's first experience of guns, and the terror inspired by these weapons was boundless. They felt themselves comparatively helpless before the kidnappers, and yet indignation made them seek revenge. They fought bravely in the battle that followed, for only about fifty returned home from the four hundred who went out. Victory had remained with the Arabs.

THE ARABS' SECOND VISIT

For four years after this event the Invaders deemed it prudent to leave our People in peace, but the latter lived in terror, expecting them to return; and feeling that they would be safer if they gathered together in town fashion, rather than remaining scattered about the country, they formed a kind of town, and fortified this as best they could. Their work was scarcely finished before they were attacked, and a terrible fight ensued. At first they were victorious, but they lost so many that when the Arabs attacked them a second time they were utterly defeated. English children may well

“Thank the goodness and the grace
That on their birth have smiled.”

For oh! what cruelties were perpetrated on defenceless Africans after an Arab victory! Happiest were those who had fallen in the fight before the Slavers' guns and spears; and happier those left dying on the ground, in spite of wounds and thirst, than those who are left wholly or comparatively unhurt. The worst had befallen the dead and dying—the worst had still to come for the living.

MY FATHER'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

My Father escaped the slaughter of the battle-field and took a little brother and myself to hide away in the Forest. When we were too tired to walk he had to carry us—his love-imposed task often proving too much for even his great strength. His difficulties were increased by my little brother, who could not understand why we did not return home, and why we kept roaming about the gloomy woods. To keep us quiet, Father told us that a wicked red spirit was seeking to kill us, or wanting to take us away from him. When we made a fire he would say, “Sit close together, my dear children, and let us hide the fire from the wicked spirit.” Then, to free us from terror, he would tell us of a God who was so strong and wise that he could make an enemy open his legs for us to go through in safety. After some time spent in hiding, he ventured back into the village; but it would have been better to have remained in the Forest. We were in less danger there, with the lions, leopards, and snakes, than we were in our own home. Arabs, more cruel than wild beasts and reptiles, were watching our movements there.

MY FATHER'S DEATH

Oh, that awful day! We were at the door of the hut, my Father and I. He was seated on a log, and I was standing by him. Whatever might have been his thoughts, I was not dreaming of danger; but all in a moment the Arabs were on us. One of them had seized me before I could understand what had happened, while another of the gang had fastened on him. This wretch would have attacked the wrong man if it had not been for his fire-arms, for my Father, being stronger than he, threw his opponent, and would either have killed him or escaped. Indeed, when he rose to his feet, he seized his weapons and started to run; but seeing me as I struggled in the arms of my captor, he turned to either rescue me, or die in my defence. I saw him prepare to throw his spear, but the fellow that in another moment would have felt its point, discharged his revolver at him. He fell; and the knives of the party were instantly buried in his poor, dear body. To my dying day, I can never forget that sight. It impressed itself on memory for all time, and ever and anon I seem to be beholding it again. My noble Father! He might have escaped if his love to me had not been so great; and I might have escaped if my love for him had been less than it was. His Wives, with the other children, were all away in hiding, and I might have been with them; but I clung to him, and he clung to me. We loved to be together and only death divided us at last.



CHAPTER VIII.

MY EARLY EXPERIENCES AS A SLAVE.

REGARDLESS of my tears and struggles, my captor bore me away from the tragic scene of my Father's slaughter, having no compassion for my cries although they might have melted a heart of stone. When we reached an Arab encampment I was at once handed over to one of my own countrymen that he might teach me how to perform the so-called duties of a slave. Before I go further, it may be well to give you an idea of the simple lives of the Dinkas. Just picture to yourself

AN AFRICAN VILLAGE.

The People, it is true, are heathen, for they have never had the Gospel given them. Neither are they civilized, as you understand the word. A very, very few may be decently clothed—a few, partly clothed, and all the others as were Adam in Eden—their huts are of a very primitive construction, with patches of ground attached to them—each married man having the huts of his Wives surrounding the chief hut in which the head Wife resides—but all happy and contented. They hunt, fish, and cultivate their little plots of ground, and only ask of the outer world that they may be left to themselves.

THE ARAB RAIDERS.

Now give your attention to this miniature army, that, under Arab Leaders, (though only partly composed of Arabs) is moving on towards their village. Look into the faces of the Leaders and shudder at the devilish expression that reigns in every countenance, and say what shall be the fate of the poor villagers who can only oppose by bows and spears this well armed host of Slavers? We need not dwell on the attack—I have too vivid a recollection of the reality, to wish to dwell at any unnecessary length upon the details.

THE ARABS' TREATMENT OF SLAVES

Now the fight is over. We leave the slain and the dying, and watch the treatment dealt out to the poor prisoners. Many of them are bruised and wounded—all are broken-hearted—but this is nothing to their conquerors. The men are yoked with leather thongs to long poles, and their hands tied behind them. They then load the poor women with what have heretofore been their household goods, and make them carry these like beasts of burden. They are off, and as we follow them in fancy, we notice that one poor woman can scarcely walk. Her unshod feet are bleeding, and the burden is too much for her strength. As she

sinks beneath the heavy load we see that she has her babe tied on her back, As one of the captors approaches the fallen woman, you naturally ask: "Is that man going to ease her awhile?" What does he mean by asking her to decide between the burden and the child? You will soon know—the poor woman has either to keep up with the others, or have her darling child murdered before her eyes. She cannot keep up, and soon there lies a little bleeding corpse on the sand. Dear Reader, you sicken at the thought of all this. Well you may, but I have witnessed many such sights in very deed and truth. Poor victims of Arab cruelty! There is no peace for them by day; no rest for them by night. Life is a burden, and yet Death flees from them. "HOW LONG, Oh, Lord?" ask the souls of martyred Saints, in the Book of Revelation, as they feel that the Divine vengeance due to their Persecutors, is so long delayed. A like question is always ready to break from my lips when I think of the wrongs wrought to myriads of my countrymen by the slave-trading Arabs.

SLAVES WHO SEEK FREEDOM.

Some of my young Friends will doubtless want to know whether the poor wretches never make any attempt to escape? Yes, they do, but this is generally unsuccessful. It is invariably made at night, and then the poor fugitive is tracked down by the footprints he has left in the dewy grass. If re-captured, he never repeats the attempt. He is beaten on the naked feet till these are reduced to pulp, and is then left foodless and waterless on the sands to die. I once saw a poor fellow beaten after this fashion for nothing more than breaking away to see his Friends when in the neighbourhood of his old home. It mattered nothing that he returned voluntarily to the Camp.

"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD MANNERS."

When the Slave-dealers have desolated a District they often set up a despotic kind of Government over the people that have been spared slavery or the sword, exacting from these poor wretches such a heavy tribute in grain, cattle, and other things, that death might be preferred to life by the recipients of their mercy. Those fare best who volunteer to become fighting men in their service. Some of my countrymen were induced to act thus at one of their abodes called Turomanbeck. Alas for their after reputation! "Evil communications corrupt good manners" is true the wide world over, and the once harmless Dinka men became as great rascals as their Masters. They learnt to plunder their neighbours, and to cut the throats of their prisoners just like the Arabs themselves, nor were they long in becoming quite adepts in such evil practices.

CHAPTER IX.

FURTHER SLAVE EXPERIENCES.

NO come back to my life-history. I became a donkey-boy, and had to carry my Master's gun. Could I tell you all I saw while thus employed I should not only sadden but madden you. I have followed my Arab Masters through vast tracts of country that had once been filled with a happy and contented people. We could see where their homes had been; we could see what had been grown in their fields, but they themselves were gone. The silence was unbroken except by the chattering birds, and the sounds made by our own party. Arabs had travelled this ground before, and the people had been slain or enslaved by them. **THEY** had burnt the huts—**THEY** had desolated the fields. Like the locusts mentioned by the Prophet Joel, they had found the land before them like an Eden for fertility—they had left behind them a desolate wilderness. Oh! the skulls left in their track! Often has my heart throbbed at the sight of these, for I never knew but that I might be murdered, and that my own bones might soon be bleaching beneath the African sun.

A CONSIDERATE MASTER. .

Happily for me, the God who knew me before I knew Him, was pleased at the beginning of my captivity, to let me find a comparatively kind Master. I made his coffee, groomed his donkey, provided him with water to wash his feet, and every night and morning spread out the mat on which he knelt to recite his Mahometan prayers. I never knew the want of food while I remained with him. Another Dinka boy was almost starved by his cruel Master. To secure a frequent meal for him with what I could not eat myself was one of the very few pleasures connected with my cruel lot.

SONGS IN CAPTIVITY

Like the Babylonians of other days the Arabs liked to see their captives put on a cheerful demeanour, and frequently required of us a song. I have often heard my own name called—by the way it was ever "Salim" with them—and when I have gone to my Master to ask what might be his commands, he has at first pretended I have made a mistake. When, however,

I have been about to turn away again, he has acknowledged that the voice had been his, and has asked me to sing and dance for the amusement of himself and friends. When I thus succeeded in pleasing the party they would reward me by predicting in my hearing that I should some day make a fine man.

After all it paid one to SEEM happy and content, though a breaking heart made the effort tremendously trying; since to be discovered with a dejected manner and face was to come in for a terrible thrashing. Some could not conceal their feelings—whether they tried or not I cannot say, and I have occasionally been sent to tease them. “Why do you wear such long faces?” I have asked. Poor souls, their answer was ever the same. “Treated as we are, you would look as we do.”

THE SLAVES’ IGNORANCE.

Our masters played much on our ignorance. One of them once came to me and said, “Salim, The Koran has told me that one of my slaves thinks of running away; I want you to come and beat him.” “You must gain my Master’s permission,” I said; and I verily believe he sought it. It was refused if he did. But I did not doubt that the Koran had spoken. We were all made to believe that it told its Readers whatever was going to happen.



CHAPTER X.

A CHANGE OF MASTERS.

MY next Master was a thorough brute—never greater was found in human shape. My first owner had got into debt, and, I should suppose, was FORCED to sell me. I say this because I feel sure he would never have parted with me unless compelled. These two worthies sat down to bargain for a boy; in speaking of me my Master said, “He is a splendid boy; he is never away when wanted; he washes my feet most carefully, and a better lad for watering the donkey you could never find, wherever you might look.” “Oh, I assure you I am very sorry to part with him,” he added. I learnt all this from another slave who heard their conversation. “Well, send for him, and let me have a look at him,” said the Trader. The lad who had been present then came running to me, and told me I was to go at once and fill my Master’s pipe. I did as I was bidden, and when I had given the pipe into his hands, I was ordered to stand by until it should need refilling. This was to afford the Trader an opportunity for taking my measure; and, alas, I satisfied his exacting eye. The bargain was eventually struck, and FOR SIX YARDS OF CALICO, I was handed over, and became his sole property.

A CRUEL MASTER

My new Master proved to be a creature who might fitly be called a Demon. To make me wretched was his greatest delight, nor cared he what methods he employed to attain his end. At one time he would make me fight boys much bigger than myself, against whom I stood no chance of success. Then, when I had been beaten, he would take me off to some lonely place and ask me why I had let the other boy conquer me. I could only say the other had been too big for me, but my answer was sure to draw down another thrashing on my poor bruised self.

LEFT AS DEAD.

He nearly killed me once. I was carrying his gun, an old fashioned rifle, after him, and had the cartridges in a belt that

was buckled round my waist. Our path brought us to a brook, and as I leaped into it, with the gun upon my shoulder, I forgot all about the cartridges, which, of course, were spoilt by the water. When he saw what I had done, his face became like a fiend's, and he stood and beat me, in spite of my cries for mercy, till I could cry out no more. I could only just pull myself together, as a tortured beast would have done, and try to die and escape his brutality. He quite thought he had killed me, and went on his way as though nothing had happened, leaving me to my fate.

SCARRED FOR LIFE.

By the Providence of God, although I did not know Him then, a Caravan passed the place to which I had crept, and the people belonging to it picked me up. Alas for poor me! They took me to the Town to which my Master had gone. Here he found and claimed me. It was here I received the marks on my face which I must bear to my grave. He was determined to mark me as his property, so he took a razor and cut three gashes on each of my cheeks, and then rubbed into my wounds a mixture of gunpowder and salt. The anguish of that hour will remain with me as long as I retain any memory. My young Friends who are disposed to cry over a cut finger, or a slight accident will do well to recall the sufferings of a poor slave boy.

FURTHER CRUELITIES.

The villain did his best to beat me to death on several other occasions. Once, when on a hunting expedition, we came upon a herd of antelopes; he was some distance in advance of me, and beckoned me hurry up with his gun. Before I could reach him the antelopes had started, and, as he could wreak his vengeance on nothing else, he turned savagely on me. And he *did* beat me! On our return from this journey, he saw that my eyes had become frightfully sore. They had suffered from the heat, and when I had been running after him, the perspiration that streamed down from my forehead had inflamed them so terribly that I was almost blind. To cure them, he dropped into them every night, the juice of a bitter herb. The agony was simply awful, and my eyes, instead of becoming better, grew worse. Yet I had to submit to it all. One night I was unable to find the bottle that held the medicine he used. He thought I had thrown it away, and charged me with doing so. I denied having touched it, but he would not believe me. On the contrary, he took off his slipper and beat me about my head and face, till the tears that flowed from my eyes mingled with the streams of blood that broke from my nose and mouth.

A POWERFUL TEMPTATION.

All spirit was taken out of me. Sometimes I thought of running away, but I did not know where to run, and I had seen the treatment dealt out to slaves who had attempted to escape and been re-captured. I was only kept up by the hope of revenge, and I was fully determined to take this the next time we might be out together. I expected to carry his loaded gun, and I resolved to give him the contents. I am very glad now, that bad as he was and whatever punishment he might deserve my hands were kept free from his blood. What influenced him I cannot say, but just at this very time he appointed another boy to carry his gun, and set me to feed his cattle. I can only trace it to the unseen Hand of my Heavenly Father, saving me from this sinful act.



CHAPTER XI.

THE BREAK OF DAY.

CHANGES—PLEASANT AND PAINFUL.

THE well-known axiom "the darkest hour of night precedes the break of day," was literally true in respect to my life in slavery and my happy release from it.

It seemed at first like being at home again to find myself with the oxen; but my pleasure was very short-lived. My poor legs were all wounds and bruises, and the partly-burnt grass where the cows liked to feed made things all the more dreadful. There were times when I could have yelled with agony, and life became a very heavy burden. One day I climbed a tree, and while I sat and watched the cows, I began to think of home. The remembrance was too much for me, and as I thought upon the happy days of childhood—as my Mother and Father came back to my mind, I burst into tears, and wept as though my heart must be broken. At this time I recalled my Father's prayers, as with uplifted hands he would cry, "Oh, Thou great Eternal, Unknown Creator of Heaven and Earth." Then I cried to the God of my Father, and asked Him to consider my affliction. My tears and prayer proved the means of greatly relieving my mind, and I climbed up the tree again. When seated on one of its branches I noticed that the sun was fast setting. There is no twilight in these Countries, so I descended with all the speed I could command and hurried off the cattle in a homeward direction, to escape the beasts of prey that always begin to leave their lairs when night comes down on the earth.

DAY DAWNS.

On arriving at my Master's dwelling, I was told that I need not chain up the cows, as we were all about to leave for another place. It was a busy night that followed, with the Slaving Confraternity. Such was the packing up, the hurrying to-and-fro, that a Bible-reader would have been made to think of the Exodus of Israel in the olden time. The Rascals had heard that Lieut.-Col. Romolo Gessi—known as "Gessi Pasha,"

(an Italian soldier who served under Gordon) had been sent by "The Black Man's Friend," to call their Confederacy to account for their long-continued crimes.

In the first place, we fled to Gibarra and Allapie, where we heard that Gessi had just conquered and punished a great Slave-dealer named Suliman, and that in consequence of this event, another Trader named Matabar, together with his nephew, had not only surrendered to the Pasha, but had also entered his service. Terrible tidings were these for my Master and his three chief companions in evil. To save their necks they determined to surrender also.

HONOUR AMONG THIEVES.

There is an English saying about "honour among thieves," but regard for honour among Arab Slave-dealers is very small indeed. While the others that formed our party were enjoying their evening cake, these four worthies, taking with them two women, two other slaves and myself, stole out of the Camp, and stealthily made off to Lieut.-Col. Gessi. It was evening when we reached his tents and the night-watch had just been set. "Who are you?" was the challenge, when our approach was discovered. The eldest of our party gave the names of himself and his three Friends. "Whom do you wish to see?" asked one of the watch. "Matebar," was the reply. "Lay down your guns, and retire if you are Friends," continued the soldier. At this command the guns went down, and we fell some paces back. No longer questioning the sincerity of our band, some soldiers came forward and took up the guns, and then conducted us into the Camp. It was an affecting sight to see my Master when he discovered a relative of his own thus! The head of the one went on the other's neck, and the two embraced and wept as though, instead of being wretches whose lives were steeped in crime, they had been holy Patriarchs of Scripture days.

THE DAY OF FREEDOM ADVANCES.

Lieut.-Col. Gessi was a brave and skilful soldier, but his Camp was in an awful condition. Food was none too plentiful, water was scarce, sickness was frightfully prevalent, and people were dying continually. Two great battles were fought while we were with him. One lasted through a whole night; it began about five o'clock in the evening, and continued until four the next morning. I had to do a little fighting in this battle: for when my Master grew weary of shooting he gave me [his gun

while he rested, and very pleased was I to get it. Whether I hit any one or not I cannot say, but I blazed away as vigorously as any one in the fight. For three years I had been accustomed to scenes of blood and violence, but when the excitement of this battle had died away, and I went over the field to view the fallen, the sight made me sick at heart. The stench from the dead bodies in a very little while became almost unbearable, and affected other Dinka lads who were with us, quite as much as myself.

CANNIBAL NIAMIN BOYS.

As for the Niamin boys of the party, they gloried in the carnage, and only the dread of punishment kept these young rascals from feasting on the slain. When we have been following our Masters in their slave-catching expeditions, I have more than once known them resort to cannibalism to appease the pangs of hunger.



CHAPTER XII.

MY DELIVERENCE FROM SLAVERY.

THE NOTORIOUS SULIMAN.

IT was no very easy time my Master and his companions had while serving under Lieut.-Col. Gessi. He made them use their knowledge of the country in hunting out other Slave-owners. My sufferings at this time were awful—my poor feet were worn through to the bone—my toe-nails seemed all to have vanished; and, let me do what I would to protect myself, the flies would get at my sores. To such a sorry plight was I brought at last, that when another expedition was undertaken against the notorious Suliman, I was left behind as useless. Glad was I to learn, soon afterwards, that the villain had met with his deserts. He had retreated to the Makaka mountains, where he was attacked and utterly defeated. Numbers of slaves and oxen were transferred from his Camp to ours, and I cannot tell which caused the greater joy—the news of his downfall, or the sight of the oxen. You may be sure that some of those oxen were killed soon after their arrival.

TREACHERY.

The Slave-dealers had now had enough of Lieut.-Col. Gessi, and they considered that their services to him had fully atoned for their all sins against others; they, therefore, begged him to let them depart. He could not refuse their request. He forbade them, however, to take their young slaves with them, and doubtless he intended to free us, had not the Rascals proved too subtle for him. They knocked us up in the night, and stealing noiselessly out of the Camp, made their way to Bar-el-Gazzel. Here they expected to meet a trading steamer; but on reaching the town an unlooked-for surprise awaited them. A detachment of Gordon's troops was stationed there, and speedily made prisoners of the whole party. The Masters, after being closely questioned by the Officer in command, were allowed to depart with a caution: but joy of joys for all the Slaves, we were detained to receive our FREEDOM.

A SANGUINE REVENGE.

This Officer in command, before permitting our Masters to depart, questioned us as to their treatment, whilst we were their

Slaves. Several could speak of kindness shown them. When it came to my turn, I had to tell the Officer of the brutal treatment I had received at the hands of my Master; and pointed to the scars on my face in evidence of it. He said, "Would you like to give him sugar?" handing me his whip. I said: "Yes, I should." My Master having been bound so that he could not help himself, I let him feel the full force of my arm, until he yelled with pain. But I was not a Christian then, and had never heard of Christ's teachings—"Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you."

FREEDOM!

Many of us had forgotten what freedom meant, and some poor creatures actually made their escape from the Camp to follow their old Masters. They believed the Pasha wished to get them for his own use. When the soldiers made us understand that we were actually free, and told us we should be sent home to see our Friends, our joy knew no bounds. We shouted, we laughed, we danced, we sang songs of our own composition, till we must have appeared like mad boys to the amused soldiers. I fancy I can see the Commander now, as he sat with his left hand over his mouth, holding a pen in his right, and watching our antics. Perhaps he tried to sketch the scene; but I should think he found this beyond his power.

AFTER FREEDOM

Men were carefully posted round the Camp that night, to protect us from any Arabs who might be prowling about the neighbourhood. We had to go supperless to bed, for provisions were very scarce; but we thought little about food now we realized that we had our freedom. When morning came, it was found necessary to employ force in order to obtain food, as the surrounding Tribes refused to part with their cattle. Two or three oxen were captured and divided among us, and did we not eat! What was not devoured on the spot was carefully stowed away for the march of the morrow, and when this came, we set forth in high spirits to Dem Solommān, whither Lieut.-Col. Gessi had gone. All our talk on the road was about what we should do when we got back home, and about the relatives we expected to find there. Alas! when permission was accorded us to return, the greater part of us found we had no homes to go to. Where was I to go? Our village had been burnt, our People scattered, and my Father murdered before my eyes. A few went off, but nothing remained for me and many others, save to beg a home in the Camp.

CHAPTER XIII.

INCIDENTS
OF THE EARLY DAYS OF FREEDOM.

MY FIRST PROTECTOR.

WHEN matters had been finally arranged for us by the brave and thoughtful Lieut.-Col. Gessi, I found myself with two other Dinka boys, handed over to the care of a Niamin soldier, by name—Mooroom. A fine time I had of it now, for a more kind-hearted fellow than my protector it was impossible to find. The Niamin folk as a rule are cannibals; but the idea of feasting on human flesh was so abhorrent to him, that he sternly forbade us to ever dream of such a thing. This prohibition was altogether unnecessary in my case; indeed, I was far more dainty in my choice of eatables than he himself. He could make a meal of a snake—I could neither touch snake or lizard. I liked grasshoppers, and these with ground nuts, furnished almost the only food I could get while I was keeping my late Master's cattle. My Readers may be interested to know how I caught my grasshoppers. I simply lit a fire in the grass and followed the course of the flame. There they were, any number of them, and I had only to pick them up and eat them. They taste very much like shrimps.

When my military Friend went hunting, I was privileged to attend him. He rewarded me for my services by giving me a share of the game he secured. This was sometimes as much as I could carry home. The woman who prepared my food, would generally exchange meal for part of it, though our chance of enjoying cooked corn was small if the soldier's wife got hold of it. Whatever got into that woman's hands seldom gladdened my eyes again.

MY FIRST TRADING TRANSACTION.

I now began to do a little trading. With three hundred heads of Indian corn. I bought two girdles and two knives. I was very proud of the latter, and so well did my soldier Friend teach me to use them, that I was prepared to defend life or liberty against any one who might assail me.

ARRIVAL OF STRANGERS.

My companion and I had been hunting in the Forest one day ; on our return we found that two strangers had arrived at Dem Solommān on their return from Uganda. With the exception of Lieut.-Col. Gessi, some of us had never seen a white man, and you may be sure the appearance of these Gentlemen excited no small degree of wonder among the juvenile blacks in Camp. "You can see their blood," said a youngster near me, as we watched them binding up the wounds of a woman who had been hurt, and I really thought he was right. These strangers proved to be the Rev. C. T. Wilson, M.A. (to whom I am indebted, under God, for my present position) and Dr. R. W. Felkin, M.A., F.R.G.S. ; both of the Uganda Mission.

A GRACIOUS PROVIDENCE.

I need not dwell on details, in relating how the way was opened for me to come to England. Suffice it to say that these two European strangers had lost a boy they were bringing with them from Uganda, and God so graciously ordered matters, that I was chosen to fill the place left void by this poor fellow's death. But it was in fear and trembling that I followed my new Friends. "Would they eat me?" was a question that occasionally entered my thoughts ; and "Would they beat me?" was another that I felt might be answered more easily.

MY FIRST PAIR OF TROUSERS.

It was an exciting but fatiguing journey from Dem Solommān to Khartoum, and one especially trying to feet, eyes, and temper. I was down several times with fever. It was awfully cold at night, and the cold, to me, was agony. Out of some cotton cloth my Friends gave me to protect myself from the weather, I made the first pair of trousers I ever wore. They were almost as large as a Turk's ; and, believe me, they gave me no small idea of my growing importance. Alas, for my pride ! When we reached Darras, we found the Governor's boys were all gorgeously attired in striped calico. What were my black companions and I compared to such heirs to greatness ? We were just dogs in their estimation, and but little else in our own, as long as we were in their company.

AN UNPLEASANT INCIDENT.

As we neared Kordofan, the curiosity of the country-folk became a positive nuisance. A party of them met us outside the

city, and said they were the Governor's servants. Some of them got hold of the camel's reins, and it seemed very likely at one time that we were in for a serious row. Excited by the impudence of a woman, I struck her with a piece of hippopotamus' hide, which caused her head to bleed rather freely. The sight of the blood naturally incensed her Friends, and the Head Man of one of the villages turned savagely on my Friend Mooroom, and threatened to kill him on the spot. If it had not been for the coolness of our Leader, I don't know where we should have been ; but his tact was equal to the occasion, and at length the storm subsided.

A Slave-dealer had attached himself to our party at Darras, and was travelling, with several poor slaves to Egypt, but these were all taken from him at Kordōfan. Without any further interesting or exciting adventures we reached the town of Khartoum.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE THRESHOLD OF A NEW LIFE.

KHARTOUM.

WHEN we reached Khartoum, I began to tremble lest some evil should befall me there. I had heard of it as the wickedest town on earth, and I knew that many of our Dinka People had been brought down here as Slaves. Its inhabitants seemed numberless. There were white folk, black folk, brown folk, and yellow folk—people from every land under Heaven intermingled in its streets. General Gordon was just about to resign the Governorship of the Province, though the news he heard, day by day, concerning the doings of the Slave-dealers, made him very reluctant to take a step that might so seriously affect the District.

GENERAL GORDON

In those days of my ignorance I learned to revere the name of that noble man. I soon heard a good deal about him from the people I met at Khartoum. He was indeed a wonderful man, but many of the Soudanese thought him more wonderful than he really was, for some of them regarded him as more than mortal. He had once used a Magic Lantern, and the impression thus made on the minds of many had been something marvellous. His medical skill, too, had commanded the greatest admiration, and they were fond of telling how tenderly and skilfully he had treated the ailments of his soldiers. But it was his kindness to the Blacks that gave him such a hold on the hearts of the People he governed. The negroes, ignorant as they were, knew well that most other Europeans came among them for motives more or less selfish, and consequently they hated them. They knew that Gordon had *their* interests at heart, and almost worshipped him. I have been told that whenever he visited a town or village, the men, women, boys and girls, would crowd around him, all anxious to render him homage, and all wished at least to feast their eyes on the form and face of their great Protector. It was a sorry day for Africa when that good man fell beneath Arab spears.

THE SUAKIM DESERT.

We left Khartoum, on one of the Governor's steamers, and came through Berber to Suakim. I had been accustomed to the fierce heat of the sun from infancy, but it was almost too much for me when we were crossing the Suakim desert. How the Europeans managed to endure the heat is more than I can tell; and then the water we obtained was so bad that it scarcely served to quench our thirst. If the English soldiers, who went through the Soudanese campaigns, received medals for valour on the field, they deserved others for so bravely enduring the terrible heat of the climate.

AN AMUSING COOKING ADVENTURE.

This cooking adventure I met with in the neighbourhood of Suakim. I had the leg of an antelope to prepare for dinner, so I gathered my sticks and made my fire, and then laid the joint on the burning wood. The fat, however, made the fire burn up so fiercely that I concluded the flesh would be burnt to a cinder, and the dread of a beating (which I should certainly have received from my late Master) made me risk burnt fingers in a desperate attempt to rescue it. I was more successful than I hoped, and I again made preparation to cook it properly. I sliced the meat and put it into an earthen saucepan, which I placed on four stones arranged round the fire. But down went one of the stones and smash went the saucepan, the contents finding its way into the fire in a moment, and leaving me frantic with vexation. I plunged my hand into the fire once more, determined to save what I could, and finished up by broiling over the embers what was left of the leg in question. "Now for the beating," thought I, but to my great surprise I did not get it, and this pleasing fact did very much to give me confidence in white men.

A REVELATION.

During this journey I noticed that every evening Mr. Wilson and Dr. Felkin were in the habit of praying to their God, and their use of the word "Father," while thus engaged, struck me as most peculiar. I had learnt the meaning of this word from an Arab who knew a little English; but what they meant by calling God "FATHER," was beyond my powers of comprehension. Since then I have learnt to know Him as MY Father.

MY DIFFICULTY.

"Heaven," was a word which filled my mind with bewilderment. My Arab acquaintance told me that English people went

to Heaven when they died, but he was unable to understand what or where, Heaven was. I have no doubt that the poor fellow was as ignorant as myself. I, at length concluded that it must be the white man's own Home, and dreading lest I should again fall into the hands of the Arabs, I determined to stick close to my European Friends, so that, living or dead they and I might share Heaven together.

PERMISSION TO COME TO ENGLAND.

On reaching Egypt I was taken before the Viceroy to gain his permission for me to come to England. He asked me if I was anxious to come. "Yes," said I, half fearful lest he should refuse his consent. He called a soldier who had a cowlash in his hand; but I would have stood a good thrashing, with the knowledge that I was to be allowed to come to England afterwards. When the interview had ended, I felt I was on the sure road to Heaven. As we came by the Custom House I heard a soldier ask where the black was going, I felt inclined to say "I am bound for England and Heaven."



CHAPTER XV.

ENTRANCE ON A NEW LIFE.

A DISENCHANTMENT.

MY disappointment was great when I at last found myself in London. I do not know but that the Suakim desert would have been preferable to such a Heaven. Nothing would content me ; I dreaded lest I should be forsaken ; and when Mr. Wilson went one day to call upon a Friend, I thought he had gone away to the Home above and left me with strangers. I yielded to a hearty fit of weeping. Then I went out to see if haply I might find him. But he was nowhere to be seen, and I began to cry again in the street. A Policeman appeared on the scene and began to question me. I could not understand him, and simply said, "Yes" or "No" to everything he asked me. A crowd gathered, and I suppose ere long, my uniformed Friend would have introduced me to the Police Station, till claimed. But some boys in the crowd had fortunately seen me when I first went to the Hotel. So I was taken back to the Hotel, where a maid-servant recognized me, and called a man who could speak Arabic to ask what ailed me. "Why are you crying," he enquired. I pointed skyward with my finger, and said, "My Master has gone up there and left me behind." "It is false," he replied, in a somewhat severe tone of voice, "he cannot have gone up there." When he interpreted my idea to the maid and others who were there, it caused a general smile, though it was but little like smiling I felt. After my fears had been partly calmed, the kind girl led me to a sofa and covered me over with rugs, as she saw I was very cold. I fell asleep almost immediately, and was in no small measure comforted to find, when I awoke, that instead of being in Heaven, Mr. Wilson was back at the Hotel.

FIRST SIGHT OF A LOOKING GLASS.

You have no doubt been told by Travellers that few things please a black man more than a mirror. But I cannot say I was very pleased when I faced one for the first time in my life, in the London Hotel. "Ah," said I, as I caught sight of a black boy, "where do you come from?" As he did not deign to make reply I went a little nearer to him ; but whatever I did, he did too,

and yet he would not speak. The glass stood by a chest of drawers, which I moved that I might discover his whereabouts ; but of course I did not find him. The whole thing was a mystery too overpowering for my brain. I examined the back of the mirror, and when I found it was all wood, I grew so angry at having been, as I thought, befooled, that I believe, if I had not heard footsteps near, I should have smashed the mirror into atoms.

DIFFICULTIES WITH THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

I did not remain long in London with my Benefactor—the Rev. J. C. Wilson, but accompanied him to Pavenham, near Bedford. There I found myself among kind Friends. All around me was so strange that I was a long time settling down. I found it most difficult to express my wishes, and especially with regard to food. If I wanted fowl I clucked like a hen ; if beef or mutton, I said, “moo,” or “bah.” Pork I could not touch. During my sojourn among the Mahometans, I had learnt to hate it as much as they, and they always call the hog “the dog’s brother.”

MY FIRST LESSON IN SCRIPTURE TRUTH.

I was some time before I could get rid of the fear that Mr. Wilson might go to Heaven and leave me. I always felt safest when he was in sight. When I was able to make myself understood, and communicated my feelings and fears to one of his younger brothers, this Gentleman kindly enlightened me on the subject. He talked about Heaven and made the Word of God clear to my understanding. He showed me that it was possible for me to reach Heaven myself, and I began to see matters more clearly.

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

Many of the good people I met gave me money. Some coppers, some sixpences, and some shillings. But as I did not know the value of money I can now see that this was a great mistake on their part, for beggars easily got it from me. I once gave a man five shillings for a common brass ring ; and, on another occasion, I paid five shillings for a worthless brush. Of course I got a little teasing from the village lads I came across, and not a little fun did they get at my expense. One offered to teach me how to catch rabbits. I was only to put a bit of salt on the tail, and “bunny” would be mine the next moment. I tried this method the very next Sunday afternoon. With some salt in my hand, I went into the field and started either a hare or a rabbit. “You are mine,” I thought, as I ran after it and tried to put the salt on its tail ; but somehow it managed to get away, and I never tried the salt trick again.

MY FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS.

Generally speaking, the Pavenham lads were kind. At the school to which I was sent, the boys soon found that I was anxious to increase my stock of knowledge, and did their best to help me. One would hold up a thing and give me its name, and I had to repeat it after him. Sometimes I was very wide of the mark, and then, amid roars of laughter, I had to try and try again till the difficulty was conquered. I endeavoured to master the Alphabet at the village school, but I am afraid the strange noises I made, as I grappled with letter after letter, little tended to the quiet of the school; not even the sight of a cane on the Master's desk sufficed to check the laughter I provoked. I don't think I was a very apt pupil, for both Master and Mistress often said—"Whatever must we do with you, Salim?"

VILLAGE REMINISCENCES.

It was not all smooth sailing with the village boys; some of them went too far with their jokes. One tore my clothes in a scuffle, and I felt this to be a greater injury than if he had bruised my face. I went to the Vicarage garden to find an iron tool with which to strike him. At that time you must remember, I had not been long under the influence of civilized society. Providentially the village Postmaster met me on the road, or there might have been a tragic ending to that quarrel.

It was a great grief to leave this village. Whether at the mansion, the Vicarage, the farmhouse, or the cottage, all had been kind to me. Many were the tears shed when I went round to bid my village Friends "good-bye." As for the presents I received, they were of all sorts, sizes, and values.



CHAPTER XVI.

A SECOND STEP IN MY NEW LIFE

REMOVAL TO NOTTINGHAM.

IN the course of Divine Providence I was taken to Nottingham by Mrs. Wilson, mother of Rev. C. J. Wilson. Very kind were the Friends I met here. Christian ladies taught me hymns. Others read me books that were not only calculated to amuse, but also to teach me the "Way of Life." Others having my highest interest at heart, endeavoured to lead my mind to the consideration of the Truth, as found in the pages of God's sacred Book.

As some of my Readers are Sunday School teachers, and others will be taking up the work, I would break from my narrative to say—Don't be discouraged if your scholars never seem to profit by your efforts. Go on "filling the water-pots with water," and the Lord Jesus, in His own good time, will "turn the water into wine." The texts, the hymns, and the collects, may be only so many words to the boys or girls now; but in coming days God will make them Living Truths blessed to their own spiritual health, and used to bring blessing to the souls of others. I can well understand now the motives of those loving hearts who taught me to sing "Jesus is my Shepherd," and "Just as I am, without one plea." Thank God their work was not in vain.

MY CONVERSION.

In my case, conversion was a gradual awakening—the breaking in of the spiritual Light, little by little. I got on fairly well with my reading, but what I read in the Bible I did not understand. Like my countrymen mentioned in the Acts, I needed the teaching of God's Holy Spirit. The prayers of Friends were continually rising to God that this might be given me. These prayers were gradually answered, for the ignorance that overshadowed my soul yielded at last to the force of the Truth. I saw what a sinner I was, and tried to make myself better. *I asked God to make me better*; but it was more than betterness I needed. There were all my past sins to be blotted out: for I soon found that I should lack the power to keep the good resolutions I was constantly making. I wanted a new heart. It is a good sign that the Holy Ghost is working in the soul, when the sinner begins to pray and read his Bible. I began to love my Bible before I understood its Truths. Then in His own good time, God

said, "Let there be Light," and "there was light," the Light of the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ revealing Himself to my soul in response to my faith in Him. Thus I was filled with joy and peace in believing. The Bible became a new Book, and I began to read it with new eyes; indeed, all things became new.

ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL—CHAPTER III. 16, 18.

It was with the first of these two verses that I was enabled to see God's way of salvation clearly. My Father had died for me. As I have already said in an earlier part of this narrative, he might have escaped if it had not been for me. To deliver me from slavery he braved a cruel death and perished before my eyes. Thus I saw that Christ had died for me—to deliver me from eternal death, and to rescue me from the bondage of sin. I had not had the privilege of Christian baptism in infancy, but what is baptism without faith in Christ? Baptized or unbaptized, every unbeliever is already condemned and the wrath of God is abiding upon him; whilst all true Believers are *in actual possession of Eternal Life*. A cry went up from my heart to Heaven, and, with the answer given by God, came the realization of union with Christ, and the possession of Eternal Life. Oh! it was glorious—I might better say, *is* glorious, that 16th verse of the 3rd Chapter of John—I would urge all my Readers, young and old, to read this chapter, and read Isaiah liii. with it—the one will help to explain the other. I found that my experience at this time was expressed in Isaiah xii. 1; and my triumph in verse 2. Get these into your memory that they become part of your very life.

MY BAPTISM

was naturally associated with, although not the result of, my conversion. For months I had been preparing for this holy rite. It was the earnest Evangelical teachings of my Christian Friends, at this time, that led me from my heathen darkness to the Living Christ. As my Friends were quite satisfied with the sincerity of my change of heart and life, there was no hindrance to my being received into the Church of Christ by baptism.

This solemn and interesting event took place, Aug. 28th, 1882, in Holy Trinity Church, Nottingham. The officiating clergyman was my Benefactor—the Rev. C. T. Wilson, His mother, sister, and younger brother; the children of the Vicar of the Church—the Rev. Prebendary J. Allan Smith, D.D., (now of Swansea) and a number of the Parishioners were present. I received the names of Salim Charles Wilson, "Salim," the name I bore in my slave-days, and "Charles Wilson," after my first English Friend. At the close of the Service, the children of the Vicar presented me with a large Bible, full of coloured plates.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISSIONARY COLLEGE TRAINING.

CLIFF COLLEGE.

WHEN I was in Nottingham the question arose among my Friends—what was to become of me in the future? As the result of much prayer and deliberation, I was sent to Hume Cliff College, in Derbyshire, a well-known Missionary Training Institute. This was situate in a lovely part of the country, where the hill air worked like a charm on my enfeebled constitution. My spirits rose as my health grew better, (for I had been ailing for some time), and it was with the highest of hopes I began my student career. One of the Tutors at the Institute had been a Missionary on the Congo. Two Congo lads were studying under him, thus I was often reminded of Africa. At times I could have imagined myself back again in some pleasant part of my native Continent. The acting Superintendent was kindness itself, and so careful to ground everyone beneath his care, in the truths of Holy Scripture, that I must ever look back upon those College days as forming one of the happiest portions of my changeful and chequered life.

CONFIRMATION RITE.

Ever since my baptism I had a growing desire to have the privilege of being a Communicant of the Church. My Friends at Nottingham shared with me this desire. Thus, during a Christmas vacation, which I was spending in Nottingham, arrangements were made that I should be admitted to the solemn rite of Confirmation which the then Bishop of Lincoln,—Dr. Wordsworth, was holding in Trinity Church, where I had been baptized. The Service to me was a most impressive one; and the good Bishop evinced peculiar interest and pleasure in my receiving the rite at his hands.

MY FIRST SACRAMENTAL SERVICE.

I shall ever remember the first time I received from the hands of the Vicar of Trinity Church, the Sunday morning after the Confirmation Service, the elements that brought so vividly to my mind “the broken body” of my dear Lord and Master, and “the blood shed” to atone for my sins—and by which He procured my eternal Salvation. To me this was a sacramental service of holy joy and triumph.

FIRST ATTEMPT AT PUBLIC SPEAKING.

It was while I was studying here that I made my first attempt at public speaking. My young Congo companions and I were taken by some Friends to Burton-on-Trent, where, by the way, beer barrels seemed to rise up around the Railway Station in thousands, if not tens of thousands. Our meetings were held in a very large schoolroom in which some seven or eight hundred people had packed themselves. I was awfully nervous when asked to say a few words to the large audience before me; but God was with me and strengthened me. I quoted 1 Cor. xiii. 11, Phil. ii. 5, together with other passages, and gave a few thoughts suggested by these Scriptures. As I appeared to have pleased the People, I was not a little pleased myself that I had managed my task without breaking down; but I was very glad to find myself once more in my seat. The kindness of the good Vicar of Christ Church who had invited us to his Parish, as well as that of all the members of his family, who seemed to vie with each other in their attempts to make us happy, will never be forgotten.

AN ANTICIPATION.

What a change of scene in four or five years time, when two of us who were seated together at the Vicar's supper table, met again on the distant Congo! But as I shall have to tell of this meeting bye-and-bye I will not speak of it now, for in the order of events I must now relate my preparations to visit the Holy Land.



CHAPTER XVIII.

A VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND

PREPARATIONS

THE Rev. C. T. Wilson, with whom I first came to England, having received an appointment in Palestine, it was arranged that I should accompany him. When this news reached my Bedfordshire Friends, it drew from them greater kindness than ever. A lady and gentleman presented me with an expensive travelling rug that had as many colours as Joseph's famous coat. Another lady gave me a valuable writing desk with other costly presents. A dear invalid who had often thought of my needs in the past, remembered me again. I am sorry I may not mention names, for many others, equally kind, refused to let me go from England without supplying me with what they thought I might need for my journey.

WE REACH MALTA.

I need not dwell on the details of the earlier part of our voyage. When we reached Malta, we were kept for a week in quarantine because of the cholera. At the expiration of this time we were permitted to go on shore. I spent much of my time in visiting the Maltese Churches. Some of these are very splendid, but oh! how it saddens one to think that these beautiful Churches so often mean little or no Gospel. Though the eye is impressed, and the ear pleased, of what avail is all the splendour of the building if the heart remains untouched by the pure Word of God? When I went for a walk I always took Gospel-tracts to distribute. This was rather a trying task, for while some took readily whatever I offered, others responded with a dreadful scowl that suggested anything but good-will. I gave a young Priest the well-known booklet—"Come to Jesus," by the Rev. Dr. Newman Hall. He took it so kindly that I was cheered in my work; and who knows whether the precious Truths that he received so readily with his hand, did not afterwards find a lodging-place in his heart? Do not be afraid to cast your bread on the waters; Scripture says it shall be found "after many days."

Malta is an awful place for drinking; the people swallow wine as if it were water. Some pressed me to take it, but they did not succeed. I was simpleton enough to try a cigar, but I imagine it will be long ere I repeat a like experiment.

Malta seemed to swarm with beggars, and as I was well-dressed they must have taken me for a man of means. They met me at every turn and dinned me for money. Times had changed you see, in my experience. I had been compelled to beg from other black slaves the very necessities of life—now, white folk were asking alms of me. God had wrought these changes for me.

CALL AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

We left Malta for Constantinople. The merchant-ship in which we sailed was one of the filthiest vessels afloat. I could touch no food for days, and the sight of it made me ill. I suppose I made up for lost time when my appetite returned, for the way in which I managed to put a fowl out of sight, called forth no small amount of banter from the sailors. When we reached Constantinople we found it a city more filthy than the vessel we had left. English Politicians often tell us that the Russians want to have it. I do not envy the taste of the Russians—the wonder is that the Turks can stop in it. The mud in some of the streets was almost up to one's knees. The only scavengers appeared to be the numberless wild dogs that were found at every turn, and were not only snarling and snapping at each other, but with everything else that came within their reach.

PROLONGED STAY AT JAFFA.

The next place we came to was Jaffa. Our luggage had gone on to Alexandria, and here we were forced to wait. I rambled a good deal about the neighbourhood to see what was to be seen. Of course, I sought the sea-side tannery which is said to occupy the site of Simon's. Probably it does; the mere possibility serves to bring to the beholder a multitude of thoughts of by-gone days full of interest to the Gentiles and to the Church of Christ universally.

An amusing and yet rather annoying incident occurred while we were stopping at Jaffa. We had assembled, with others, on Christmas morning, for worship in a little school-room Church, when up came a donkey to the open door as if determined to have a voice in the matter. If it had only reminded us of its existence by showing itself and passing on, it would have disturbed

the congregation comparatively little ; but not content with this it set up such an awful noise that the service well-nigh collapsed. Some laughed—some wept—I think others fainted, and it was a long time, before our minds regained a holy calm.

INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL GORDON.

During our sojourn at Jaffa, I met General Gordon and had the privilege of a conversation with him. He came to the house where we lodged, to call on Mr. Wilson. I have been sometimes told that I was mistaken about ever having seen him at Khartoum. I must confess that when Mr. Wilson asked me if I remembered his features, I had forgotten them. When General Gordon learned that I was a Dinka lad, he looked me in the face with those strong, clear eyes of his, as though he would read my very thoughts, and in the kindest manner, he gave me some of his African experiences. He told me he had never gone so far as my native country, though he had occasionally met with my People. He related an incident that I think is given in his Journals. He once came across a party of Dinkas, and their Chief attempted to spit in his face. The poor fellow had simply meant—"If you are at all unwell and lacking in vitality, I impart my own spirit to you."

AN INTERESTING CONVERSATION.

The General was stopping at Howard's Hotel, and it was my great joy to accompany him on his return and had further conversation by the way. As we walked along, side by side, he questioned me about my faith. "Why are you a Christian?" he asked, "Why would not Mahometanism satisfy you?" I replied that the religion of the Lord Jesus was one of love. "He laid down His life for sinners," I said, "but the Mahometan religion makes those who believe in it take away men's lives." He expressed himself satisfied with my answer, and then earnestly added—"Hold fast by the religion of the Lord Jesus, and you shall have everything that will be good for you." Before we parted he told me about the existing state of things in the Soudan. He had resigned the Governorship but had left good Officers behind him to carry out his plans. When we reached the Hotel, he gave me a present to take back to Mr. Wilson, and a sovereign as "baksheesh" for myself. The General went on to Cairo and we went up to Jerusalem, and I never saw him again.

A BRIEF VISIT TO THE HOLY LAND,

Our ride to the Holy City would have been interesting under any circumstances, but the kindness of the wife of an American

Consul made it simply delightful. She told me the names of the Places and the Mountains, and pointed out every feature in the landscape that she thought might have a charm for me. I was not in Jerusalem very long. I saw what I could while there, and visited Bethlehem. But circumstances arose which compelled me to return to Jaffa. Many spots in the town and neighbourhood, made sacred by their connection with the life of our Blessed Saviour, had to remain unvisited and unseen to my very great and sincere regret.

RETURN TO JAFFA.

Immediately on my return to Jaffa, I engaged myself to assist two ladies who had a Hospital under their care, and while ministering to the bodily wants of their patients, sought to win their souls for Christ. Nobler workers for the Lord Jesus, nor a nobler work could not be found the wide world over. Many have been the Friends God has graciously inclined to minister to me the help and cheer I have needed, but those ladies will ever live in my memory as the kindest of the kind. They gave me £1 per month as wages: and they supplied me with everything I wanted or desired except my clothes. Perhaps I made a mistake in leaving them, but I was anxious to resume my studies in England, and when they knew this, they did their best to further my wishes. I needed £10 to pay my passage-money back to England. One of them gave me £7 out of her own pocket towards this sum and the rest was raised for me by Friends.



CHAPTER XIX.

RETURN TO ENGLAND.

CLIFF COLLEGE AGAIN.

I NEED not inflict upon my readers the incidents of my return voyage to England. It will suffice to say that I was kindly received back at the Missionary Institute in Derbyshire by its Hon. Superintendent, I began reading again with all the earnestness I could command, and managed well in my Scripture studies. Examination questions on other subjects I found it difficult to answer, because of my inability to express my thoughts in English. This made me appear stupid, and I became rather trying to my Tutors, as they failed to realize the fact of my being unable to *think* in English, as at that time I was not perfectly acquainted with the language. It was natural that I should think in my native language. It required time and patience to overcome this difficulty.

A LECTURING TOUR.

When war broke out in the Soudan, I was asked to accompany our Hon. Superintendent on a lecturing tour in the North of England. We visited a number of the chief towns, and held very large meetings. I appeared on the platform, in a leopard skin after the fashion of a Dinka Chief, and was thus made to remember my old name Hatashil, or "The Continuer." Alas! most of those over whom I might have ruled had perished; they with my beloved Father had been the victims of Arab cruelty. The local papers in their reports of our meetings, referred, of course, to me. One Magazine presented its readers with a sketch of me, and altogether I received quite as much attention as was good for my soul's health.

MORE CHANGES.

I left College in June, 1886, and went for a week to see some old Friends in Birmingham. On my return to London, I began

to lecture a little on my own account, and many were the kind Friends who were led of God to extend to me a helping hand. I was introduced to some active members of the Y.M.C.A., who helped me very much. I am sorry I may not give names, but, though unchronicled by me, they will have been entered in God's Book of Remembrance. I was "a stranger and they took me in." They showed kindness to one of the least of the King's brethren and it will be acknowledged by Him, in a coming day, as though it had been manifested to Himself. At one time my prospects were very dark and I began to yield to despondency. Then a good lady took me by the hand, and allowed me to be associated with her in "Gospel Temperance Work," and freely advertised me in "The British Women's Temperance Journal." She and her husband were friends in need, and friends in deed.



CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED OPPORTUNITY TO RETURN TO AFRICA.

MR. GRAHAM WILMOT BROOKE.

IN the year 1887, I was stopping in the house of the Hon. Sec. of the African Missions. While I was with him he made a call on Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooke, whose youthful zeal, courage, and devotion to the Lord's work in Africa, had already made his name famous in all the Churches. He was then longing to take the Gospel into the very heart of the "Dark Continent." My name was mentioned in conversation. He had heard of me before, but now the thought struck him that we might work together. Mr. Brooke wrote to me without delay, and asked me if I would join him at dinner that evening and discuss this idea with him. My heart leaped for joy; here was the opening for which I had waited so long. We had a happy evening together, and determined, ere we parted, to set off for the Soudan as soon as the Lord should allow us. Arrangements were completed with all possible speed. Friends were apprised of our intention; and before long we were holding farewell meetings in London, before going on to Liverpool where we were to embark.

LEAVING LIVERPOOL.

We held two meetings in the great Western City, before sailing, under the presidency of an honoured and venerable servant of Christ. Christian Friends accompanied us down to the good ship "Kinsambo"; we bade each other "good-bye," and having been commended to God by the loving hearts we left behind us, we were off. We entered our cabin and sought the strength and consolation we both needed, in immediate application to the Throne of Grace, and rose from our knees greatly refreshed in spirit. It is, indeed, as good Dr. Bonar says—

"A privilege to carry
EVERYTHING to God in prayer!"

Several first-class passengers were on board, but only three second—Mr. Brooke, a lad who was going to join some Trading Company out in Africa, and myself. Our companion was an intelligent young fellow, and as he appeared ready to listen, Mr. Brooke spoke to him on matters of the soul as soon as we sat down to our first dinner. I gave him "The little lost lamb of Pavenham Park," a booklet I had brought from Bedfordshire, and we became fast Friends at once. The result of our friendship and conversations together will never be known till the last great day, but I am sure it was not by chance we met.

SERVICE ON BOARD THE "KINSANBO."

For the first few days the weather was rough, and all were more or less sick. I need scarcely say there is little preaching to be done where sea-sickness abounds. At length the sun broke through the clouds; the deck became alive with people, and Mr. Brooke saw an opportunity for doing good in his Master's name. He succeeded in gaining the sympathy of a medical gentleman and a lady who were going out to South Africa, and through their influence, obtained permission to hold a Service in the first-class saloon on the following Sunday. This was a solemn gathering; hearts were still sad with thoughts of home and loved ones left behind; with many the future was full of painful uncertainty; this did much to dispose their minds for the reception of God's Word. We sang the evening hymns—"Sun of my soul," and "Abide with Me,"—both the words and music awoke sweet memories of the past; and if ever a Preacher had the ground for sowing the seed of life prepared by circumstances, it was Mr. Brooke on this occasion. His opportunity was not neglected—he read Proverbs 8, and Acts 20, and followed with a heart-searching address from the text "Ye must be born again."

AN INTERESTING SERVICE AMONG THE SAILORS.

My turn came next. I strolled off among the sailors who came crowding round me to know who I was and where I was going. I let them pelt me with their questions as long as they pleased, and awaited the opening I knew they would give me, sooner or later, for addressing them in the Master's name. One of them asked me who Martin Luther was. I replied, "A Monk who saw that the blood of Jesus alone could cleanse a sinner from all sin, and thus was led to leave the Romanists. Are you satisfied with the answer?" They told me I was right, and afterwards listened

most attentively while I spoke to them freely from Psalm 104 and declared to them the Power and Providence of God ; they heartily thanked me when I had finished.

I VISIT TENERIFFE

Going on shore at Teneriffe, Mr. Brooke and I enjoyed a sweet season of prayer in a mountain cave. We afterwards took tea in the Town, and I was privileged to have a conversation with the Belgian Consul who told me a great deal about Mr. Stanley, the African Explorer.

ATTEMPTED CONTROVERSY.

After we had started again on our voyage, some of the Officers on board drew me into an argument on "predestination" and "election." A young doctor tried to make me believe that the best of all Religions was Philanthropy. I told him Philanthropy was well in its proper place, but was of no value as the ground of salvation. Admitting that I might be right, he began to find fault with professing Christians for their inconsistencies. I saw it was of no use to argue with him ; so repeating Prov. xii. 15.—"The way of a fool is right in his own eyes, but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise," I left him to his own thoughts.



CHAPTER XXI.

CONTINUED VOYAGE ON BOARD THE
"KINSANBO."

SERVICES WITH KROO BOYS.

AS we sped on our voyage the heat became so trying to the English sailors that they were unable to perform their duties, and a number of Kroo boys were taken on board at one of the Ports we touched, to assist them in their work. Dear lads! they were most ready to hear the Gospel as Moses Lewis, our interpreter, took it from my lips, for I spoke in English, not knowing their tongue. At my second service with the Kroo boys I told them several Old Testament stories—"Joseph and his Brethren," "Moses," "The Exodus of Israel," and "The Passage of the Red Sea." These afforded them wonderful delight, and when I proposed praying to the great God of whom I had spoken in these stories, they threw themselves upon their faces on the deck of the vessel. In the "Parable of the Sower," the Lord tells us that when the seed has been sown, there is one ever ready to take it away. I am inclined to think that he is not particular as to whom he may employ to carry out his aims; he employs saints as readily as sinners if he can get them to do his work. Moses Lewis was to lead us in prayer, for he was a Christian man; but instead of praying in the Kroo tongue, he began to pray in English. This was too much for the boys; at first one could hear them tittering a little, then their merriment became more noisy and at last all hope of order vanished. At a subsequent service with these boys on Sunday morning, I took care to avoid the mistake that had been made before. They were much interested in the story of Bartimeus and the miracle of the "Loaves and Fishes." I hope the words God enabled me to speak had a good effect on their minds; the results may be seen in days yet to come.

A FERNANDO PO MISSIONARY.

At Fernando Po we met a Primitive Methodist Missionary who had been severely persecuted by Papists. An appeal to the Court of Spain had gained him liberty to preach the Gospel to the natives; as this was all he wanted he was very happy in his work. He came on board and joined with us in prayer in our cabin. He sought a blessing on our work and then we asked for the blessing of the great Head of the universal Church to rest upon his arduous and much-opposed labours.

CALABAR PEOPLE.

A procession of canoes which we saw at Calabar caused me to ask Moses Lewis about the Religion of the People. His information saddened me. Some, he said, believed in a God who was very great, but so far distant from men that He did not care anything about them. Others worshipped gods of the rivers and the forests, and believed in witchcraft and fetishism.

A PLEASANT SERVICE.

At Old Calabar Mr. Brooke received an invitation from one of the Missionaries to preach at his Church. It was a sweet and refreshing service, and was followed by one of the happiest evenings I remember. Several native converts joined our party, and thinking that the words might cheer us for the work that lay before us, our host asked them to join us in singing hymns 298, 418, and 240 from "Sankey's Songs and Solos." It seemed so nice to be singing these old favourites in that far-way place; one almost felt oneself back again in England.

THE CAMEROON COUNTRY.

The next place to which we came was the Cameroon Country, one of the most lovely spots on all earth's wide surface. Eden itself could scarcely have been more fair. One thought of Bishop Heber's lines:

"Where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

But the people, however, were very polite, and even the children would wish us "good morning" when they met us. In this they were an example to the children of England and many adults also.

THE DRINK CURSE AT BATTON

On reaching Batton we went ashore to visit a coloured Missionary. He was from home, but the natives, who had assembled in crowds to see the steamer come in were very friendly towards us and pressed Mr. Brooke to remain among them. I asked some of them, through our interpreter, if they had ever heard of the Lord Jesus? They said they believed in Almighty God; but Lewis told me their knowledge was very limited and that their god was drink: no wonder! for I counted 250 bottles of gin that they had managed to secure from our steamer. I want my readers to imagine what the effect of this fiery liquor would be on those ignorant people. The Lord in the parable of "the Sower," tells us that a man sowed good seed in his field and then an enemy came and sowed tares. This kind of thing is always going on in Africa. Wherever good men carry the Gospel, Traders follow with drink. Think you that God will have nothing to say on this matter in the Judgment? The profits of the liquor-seller are great, but "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"



CHAPTER XXII.

INCIDENTS OF OUR EVENTFUL JOURNEY.

DETAINED AT BANNAS.

AT Bannas we had to change vessels. When we reached this place we found that the steamer that should have taken us on had left, so we had to wait some time for another. We spent a very happy Sunday here, Mr. Brooke and I reading together several Psalms, also portions of St. John's Gospel, and the Epistle to the Hebrews." The following day I had another feast for my soul in reading the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is said that English People do not read this old Book as much now as they used to do. If any of my Readers have never read it, I should say begin at once. I did enjoy it in far-off Bannas. I had often been in Bedford, where, in the prison that once stood on the old town Bridge, the good Tinker had written this Book—a fact that made its study more interesting to me. Its vivid pictures so engraved themselves on my mind, that when I went for a walk, and the natives gathered in groups to stare at me, I almost felt myself in "Vanity Fair," though I was glad they did not serve me as the "Fair" folk served poor Faithful.

A FORMIDABLE JOURNEY.

Instead of waiting for a steamer, a gentleman named Dennett took us on to Mattadi, a beautiful district in which resides an Official of the Congo Free State. We learnt here that it would be impossible to reach Stanley Falls, and so Mr. Brooke obtained porters to take on our luggage to Stanley Pool. We had 210 miles to travel ere reaching this place; by no means a formidable distance to the English railway traveller; but you cannot imagine what it is to get over a few miles in the wilds of Africa. At Palballa we spent an evening with the Missionaries stationed there. We found a perfect paradise. No pen can possibly describe its beauty; the hills, the valleys, and the forests were such as one might imagine will be found on earth in its coming millennial glory. But the Israelites were not allowed to stop at Elin, nor we at Palballa—the word was "Onward," and onward we went.

PLEASANT MEETING OF AN OLD FRIEND.

Our journey after leaving Palbala became exceedingly unpleasant. About every half-hour we came to rivulets—sometimes to deeper streams, to cross which we were forced to remove our boots—the roughness of the road compelling us to put them on again directly we got out of the water. To make matters worse a nasty little insect called the “jigir” attacked our feet. This little pest gets under the skin, and multiplies to an awful extent. When we reached Lukunga my feet were all alive with this pest, although I did not know then what caused their painful condition. Fortunately we met my old Friend Vemba who had been a fellow-student at the Missionary Institute in Derbyshire, and had accompanied me to Burton-on-Trent where I first attempted to address a public meeting. We were so glad to see each other. “But you walk lame, Salim,” he said, after we had somewhat boisterously exchanged greetings. “My feet are terribly sore,” I replied. “Perhaps the jigir has got into them,” he said. My boots were soon removed, and his practised eye, discovered in a few moments about twenty jigir colonies that had established themselves in my poor flesh. To get a stick and sharpen it to a fine point was the work of a few minutes, and with this he removed them one by one as carefully as though he had been a London surgeon. He then sent me down to the river to wash the wounds and my cure was complete. He was just as clever in other things as in surgical operations. On the following Sunday evening it was my great joy to address a congregation of thirty persons gathered together in the village. Vemba acted as my interpreter and we had a happy time together.

FEVER-STRICKEN.

While at Lukunga, Mr. Brooke and myself were both down with fever. He became quite delirious and threatened to shoot me when I endeavoured to remove part of his clothing. We were obliged to remain here until we were sufficiently recovered to resume our journey. When I was well enough to walk about the neighbourhood, Vemba showed me the grave of a Chief who had been *buried alive with his head downwards*. A tree had been planted above him to mark the spot where he had perished. The reason given for this brutal and unnatural act was that the Chief might not rise again.

JOURNEY TO STANLEY POOL.

Our next move was on to Stanley Pool. We were here told all manner of wild stories about the barbarity of the People on

the Upper Congo. On the road we saw many skeletons that were said to be the remains of Soudanese who had perished while accompanying some African explorer. By roadside pools were numbers of skulls of robbers, who had been put to death for their crimes and had been left unburied to become a terror to other evil-doers. We were both glad to get to the end of this painful and wearisome journey—it had told upon us both mentally and physically. On reaching Stanley Pool we were the guests of a Missionary belonging to the American Baptist Missionary Society. Here we found, far, far away from the place where they had first been uttered, several of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons. What an influence for good God gave to this great Preacher! What numbers of souls have been converted or strengthened by words God has poured through his lips; or by the reading of his sermons in many distant lands, as well as in England.



CHAPTER XXIII.

"PERILS BY SEA AND LAND."

AN UNPLEASANT VOYAGE.

I HAD to start for the Equator Station alone, Mr. Brooke remaining behind to arrange with Traders to take us to Mobangi river. It was difficult to do anything with these men. They professed to be afraid lest we might be eaten up by cannibals and generally raised silly objections if we sought their aid. Mr. Brooke induced one of them after a great deal of persuasion to take me on this voyage. I soon had reason to wish that I had not gone on his boat. It had been arranged that I was to be supplied with food and all other necessaries. But however fair-faced and smooth-tongued he had been to Mr. Brooke this man began to bully me as soon as he had me in his power. I could do nothing to please him try as I would, and it was his evident desire to give me pain. "You are a pair of hypocrites," he said on one occasion. "Perhaps we are," I replied. The opinion of such a fellow was not worth consideration. Another time he tried to terrify me with tales about the Mobangi folk. "They are cannibals," he said, "and they are sure to eat you up; you had better make your will for you will never come back again." He threatened to throw me overboard, and to do all manner of violence. At last I reminded him that English law forbade any ship's officer doing violence to any passenger on board the vessel under his charge. "Remember," I said, "I am a Friend of Mr. Brooke's, and he is an Englishman." I have an idea he thought me one of the Congo folk, and so fancied he could treat me just as he pleased. That reply to his threats showed him his mistake, and after that he treated me more kindly. Nor was I wrong in holding before him the terrors of English law, for as you will remember, Paul on a certain occasion claimed his rights as a Roman citizen. They had bound him, and were going to scourge him—"I am a Roman," said he, and they were afraid to continue their brutal treatment.

A COWARD.

While on board this steamer we stopped one night opposite some river islands that swarmed with wild-fowl. To bag some of these the Engineer took his gun and crossed over to one of the islands in a boat. His dog was very anxious to follow him and kept running about the river bank as if afraid to enter the water. All at once we heard it give a fearful yell, and the Kroo sailors rushed off, thinking a crocodile had seized it. They would have fearlessly attacked a crocodile, but when they found the poor beast in the coils of a big snake they beat a hasty retreat. The Captain, who had so insulted me, called for a gun. When one was handed to him he said it was not the one he wanted. Two more were put into his hands, but neither was the right one, in the meantime the poor dog had been killed. Whenever you find a bully you may be sure he is also a coward. This man was unnerved at the sight of a snake though at a safe distance from it. That poor dog's agony I shall never forget. Mr. Brooke did not wish me to carry firearms, but this scene made me determined to get a revolver at the first opportunity. I had no wish to shoot any human being, but there were boa-constrictors and other things in Africa that make such a weapon necessary and I bought one at Equator Station. At one of the shipping ports we took on board several passengers who were more or less musical, and as the boat went on from Equator Station to Mobangi, they gave us snatches of African music.

WILD RUMOURS.

At Sukumbi the porters began to enquire about affairs at Mobangi, and very awful were the tales they got—leopards were doing tremendous mischief; the French had abandoned their station at Nkinga, and other dangers and horrors abounded. These horrors filled them with real or pretended terror, and they tried to stipulate with Mr. Brooke (who had by this time overtaken us) for an increase of pay, if they went on. He refused to do anything more for them and they threatened to become very troublesome. But he understood the African character; he was firm, without being unnecessarily hard, and by shooting an hippopotamus for them and showing them other kindness in various ways he contrived to banish their ill-humour. Not that we put much trust in them; we had to watch them day and night. The rascals would have robbed us of everything we had if we had given them the slightest chance. By watching in turns we managed to get ourselves and our belongings safely to Mobangi Station.

ROBBED AT MOBANGI STATION.

As far as I was personally concerned, I might as well have been robbed on the road, for on reaching Mobangi I lost almost everything I had. Oh ! how I missed my books ; the Rascals had made off with these as well as my other property. Of course the thieves were unable to read them, but they would tear the leaves from the covers and stick them about their huts. The photographs of my English Friends all vanished at the same time. Weeping would do no good, nor were books and photographs, so valuable in themselves, as many other things I had lost ; but these had so cheered me in hours of loneliness that I could have wept like a child when I realized that they were gone.



CHAPTER XXIV.

INCIDENTS AT MOBANGI RIVER.

A LONG WAIT.

WHEN we reached Mobangi River our porters found how false had been the tales they had heard lower down the stream. The People were most kindly disposed towards us and quite willing to trade after a peaceable fashion. The French had not abandoned their Station; a Frenchman received us and treated us most kindly. Here we had to wait somewhat impatiently until another steamer arrived. We had a good time with our Bibles while waiting. Precious at all times, God's Word became peculiarly so amid the circumstances by which we were surrounded at Nkinga. To fill up my time I did a little hunting, though my success with regard to buffaloes and elephants was "nil." The latter would come right into our French friend's garden at night, but in spite of my gun and myself, they went away as unharmed as they came.

THE DARK PLACES OF THE EARTH ARE FULL OF
THE HABITATIONS OF CRUELTY.

There had been some little truth in the *leopard* stories. One of these animals had, at different times, carried off five women, attacking them as they had gone to their work in the early morning. The same brute had also taken several goats from the French Dépôt, and its death became necessary to the safety and welfare of the people living in the neighbourhood. Let me tell you how this monster was brought to its end. You will acknowledge that the Psalmist was right when he said, "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty." A man who had determined to kill the leopard, deliberately took a poor old slave and fastened him to a pole that stood just outside a hut. He then lay in ambush and awaited the marauder with a heavy and well-sharpened knife. In due time the leopard made its appearance, and seeing the poor old slave, sprang at him and tried to carry him away. But the pole was planted firmly in

the ground, the thongs that bound the sufferer to it would not yield, and before it could tear him limb from limb, the other man appeared on the scene and drove his knife right into its heart. But the slave had been killed as well as the leopard. You will say, "How awful!" Yes, it was awful, but the life of a worn-out slave is of no value in the eyes of heathen.

DARWINISM.

The Frenchman most generously supplied us with nearly everything we needed, yet one day when we were hard up for food I had to know the taste of monkey. Hunger forbade me indulging scruples, but I could not help wondering as I sat eating my portion whether Darwin would have considered me a cannibal. I would much sooner believe, from my own experience, that men may degrade themselves into monkeys, rather than that monkeys may be exalted into men.

AN AFRICAN STORM.

The boat that was to take us on our journey was so long in coming that we lost all patience. Then we learnt through a Missionary who was stationed at Lukolla that the Trader had broken faith with us, and was going elsewhere for his ivory. These Traders are, most of them, among those who love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil, and they dislike the Missionaries and will do all they can to hinder their work. This made it necessary for Mr. Brooke and the Frenchman to go to Lukolla to make other arrangements for our journey, leaving me in charge of the Station. They had not been gone long before a fearful thunder-storm broke over us. English thunder and lightning are nothing to what we experience in Africa. The rain seems to come down in bucket-fulls, and as for the wind, it is terrific—a perfect hurricane. On this occasion it took away the roof of our house, and everything in it was smashed to pieces. The wonder is, that it left me to tell of the mischief done, for had it not been for God's providence I must have met with a violent death. Mr. Brooke's journey to Lukolla saved his life. The part of the house he occupied was completely wrecked. When the storm abated and I had recovered a little from the shock I had received, I gave orders to all about the Station—women as well as men—to clear away everything that could be removed. During this night our two Friends returned from their journey. By the light of the moon they saw something had happened as soon as they approached the Station. The Frenchman became fearfully

excited, and called for a man named Mallan, who, worn-out by his hard-work was fast asleep. I heard the shouts and turned out immediately, but as I could not speak French, I was not able to tell him what had happened. Then Mr. Brooke, who had been a little behind, called out, "Salim, what is the matter?" "A storm has overturned us," I answered. It did not take much to convince them when they saw the extent of the calamity. You will smile when I tell you that our French Friend was more angry to find that his wine had been stolen, than to discover his house in ruins. If he had not known me to be a total abstainer, he might have suspected me as the thief. As it was, he knew that this gentleman was to be sought among his own servants.

TIMELY PRESENTS.

While waiting at Mobangi River before proceeding on our journey, I received from Equator Station a parcel that had kindly been sent to me by my Friends. This was indeed a timely present. African travelling and hunting soon wear out one's clothes and I had become as ragged as a London beggar. With clothes came books, which were still more acceptable, and many other useful things.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MOBANGIS.

While we were still residing with the Frenchman an Explorer in the Belgian service came down from the Upper Mobangi. Mr. Brooke tried to get some information from him but he added very little to our stock of knowledge. He told us that the country was beautiful and abounded in all kinds of game. It was thickly populated but the People were wild and very treacherous. Some of them, he informed us, would hide in the foliage of the forest trees, and shoot at unsuspecting travellers with poisoned arrows. From past experience we gave but little heed to his tales. There are so many real horrors connected with the heathenism of Africa, that it is quite unnecessary for men to invent lies on the subject. These Traders delight in retailing the wonderful, and some Europeans are only too ready to be gulled with their falsehoods. I have been asked, since my return, "Does cannibalism exist in the Mobangi district?" I believe cannibalism did exist among some of the Tribes and possibly to a wider extent than imagined, but I saw nothing of it. We were told by some Traders that when they had asked for a chicken, a woman's head was brought to them for sale; but I never saw anything of this kind. It would be very easy to cause a sensation by exaggerating facts, but this would do more harm than good, and would lay us open to a charge of untruthfulness.

CHAPTER XXV.

A GREAT TRIAL OF FAITH

IMPORTANT CHANGES.

MR. BROOKE had been for some time gradually changing his Theological views, and we were no longer able to see eye to eye in matters of doctrine. Nor could we agree in our ideas as to what ought to be done when we found ourselves unable to get into the Soudan. We had tried hard to reach it by the Congo route, and also by the Mobangi and both of these had been blocked against us. Had it been possible for us to reach my own People, I should have gone on at any risk. It would have been the joy of joys to me to have declared the Word of Life to the Dinka, the Niamin, or the Bongo Peoples; but I knew nothing of the languages of the Peoples whose countries Mr. Brooke wished to penetrate. Thus we were compelled to part. At the time it was the greatest trial that could have fallen upon me. It sorely tried my faith and was a bitter disappointment to my long-cherished hopes of preaching the Gospel in my native country. It was a struggle of heart to be resigned to the will of God.

Mr. Graham Wilmot Brooke generously gave me a cheque for £30 to pay my passage back to England, and supplied me with necessaries for my journey. I felt at the time he was rather hard upon me, but a more fearless, zealous, and devoted servant of Christ could not have been found in the whole of the African Mission Field. If he erred, it was in judgment and not in heart, and I shall ever regard him with the greatest of admiration.

RETURN JOURNEY.

When all our arrangements were completed, I took the opportunity afforded me by the arrival of a French boat and went in it down to Lukolla. From Lukolla I passed over to Stanley Pool, on board the little steamer-"Peace," which belonged to the Baptist Missionary Society. Two of the Missionaries stationed here provided me with porters, and provisions for the next five days' journey. After leaving Stanley Pool on my way to the coast an incident of some interest occurred, the details of which I have given in a separate chapter.

A CHIEF'S KINDNESS.

When I reached the village belonging to the Chief Monkoko he showed me very great kindness. The incident I have referred to had reached his ears. He greeted me very heartily, and to express his pleasure he spread his leopard skin on the ground, and inviting me to sit upon it, pressed me to take some palm-wine. I could not accept this kindness, but I gave him a spoon and a fork, in token of my gratitude. He further expressed his interest by giving me supplies for the next stage of my journey.

A LEPER BURIED ALIVE.

The fourth day after I left Monkoko's village I arrived at a way-side market-place. Here I was informed that a man had recently been *buried alive*. It may have been only imagination, but as I knelt on the grave and put my ear to the ground I thought I could hear the stifled groans of the wretched victim. He had suffered from a kind of leprosy and driven by his desperate circumstances he had laid hands on some food belonging to some one else. This was in consequence defiled; and the people were so angry at this act that they dug a grave, and having made nooses and fastened them to rods they flung these around the man and dragged him to his doom. I turned away from that grave with a saddened heart.

Proceeding on my way to the coast I came to Ngombia. Here I met with untold kindness from the Baptist Missionaries labouring there. The wife and child of the Rev. Holman Bentley were returning to England; Mr. Bentley was accompanying them as far as Bannas. They arranged that I should journey with them. This was an unexpected blessing and proved a great comfort to me.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING.

We had got on our way between Palaballa and Underhill, and were crossing a river in canoes, when the current became too strong for us, and the canoe that carried Mrs. Bentley and her child got upset in mid-stream through coming in contact with a log of wood. The man who was paddling her canoe managed to swim ashore with the child. I realized that there was no time to be lost, so I instantly took a header—her husband doing the same. She was trembling violently when I reached her, and all I

could do was to support her till the husband or one of the other men arrived. Had I attempted to have taken her to shore, she would have clung around me, and we should have both gone down. When assistance came I took her on one side, one of our people on the other, and we were very soon out of the water. It made us strike out vigorously to know that the river was swarming with crocodiles. God was our shield, and we none of us took any harm

ARRIVAL IN ENGLAND.

The rest of our journey to the Coast was uneventful. At Bannas we were fortunate enough to meet a steamer bound for Rotterdam. From thence we proceeded to England, landing at Harwich. No words can express my delight at finding myself on the 7th of July, 1888, once more amongst Friends and Acquaintances in Old England.



CHAPTER XXVI.

AN EXCITING INCIDENT.

HEATHEN BRUTALITY.

I HAVE already referred to an incident that occurred on my journey from Stanley Pool to the coast; the reason I give the details is not from any part I took in it but to illustrate the bitter cruelty of heathenism. It shows the possibility of Isaiah's problem being an actual event in life—"Can a woman forget her sucking child that she should have no compassion on the son of her womb?" The Prophet's verification of this problem in his day is still literally true in heathen lands, "Yea, they may forget." This incident will help my Readers to realize how much the Gospel, with its blessed influences, is needed in lands that are still without it.

I found a little girl by the road side, who had been brought from her home by her parents and left in the forest to die, whether by wild beasts or starvation was a matter that troubled them but little. You will naturally ask, "Why had they treated her thus?" Had she done some wicked and horrible thing that made them afraid to keep her at home? Nothing of the kind. Her only fault was illness. Poor child! she was a fearful sight, for her body was terribly swollen, and hunger, thirst, and exposure had brought her down to death's door. Five long days and nights had she been without either water or food, yet numbers of persons must have passed by her. They had been afraid to touch her, for fear they should take her disease. I had passed by her not not knowing why she was there. Then, when I had got about thirty yards, I felt I must turn and speak to her. The parable of the Good Samaritan rushed into my mind, and I said to myself, "If I pass this child I shall be like the Priest and the Levite." "What are you doing here?" I asked her—my carriers interpreting my words. "*Father and mother did not want me because I was sick,*" she replied in a hoarse, and very weak voice. "Do give me some water," she pleaded piteously. My water-vessel was nearly empty; I gave her what I had, and one of the porters started off to fetch more from the stream that was nearly a mile distant. After drinking the water she asked for bread. We had nothing but some "monkey-nut" flour; this we gave her and she ate it ravenously.

A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

Now the question arose—what was to be done with her? I stood by her for nearly an hour before I could decide. Then a party of natives came by carrying European goods to the State House. I asked them to take her to the village where I intended to stop the night. They refused to touch her. I offered them two forks, two spoons, and a knife; but in vain. I made another suggestion; would they carry my luggage if I gave them these things in payment? This they readily consented to do; by this means my own men were free to carry the child. When we reached the village I found that the news of a traveller bringing a sick child had preceded us, and when we entered the place, Chief and people came together to resent this my daring act. I managed to keep myself calm and when at last I got an opportunity of making myself heard, I said, "Chief, if you were sick, and your wives who are now standing by you, were to desert you, and all your other people were to leave you helpless and alone, would you like to be left in this fashion?" "No," was his candid reply. "Nor does this child like it," I rejoined. Then I reminded him of his own greatness and then went on to speak of the infinite greatness of the God who made both heaven and earth. I told him how good God was; not only to the good but to the bad, and how he ever pitied those that were sick and miserable. The Chief held up his hands in astonishment, and asked the porters (who had all this time been acting as interpreters) who I might be. When they told him I had been taught to know God by the Missionaries, he said no more about the child. After he had returned to his hut he sent us a bunch of plantains, and offered the use of two huts for the porters and myself.

AFTER EVENTS.

I did not dare to leave the child in the village, as I knew that would mean death to her. I, therefore, had her removed to the next village, which was Monkoko's, the Chief who had before been friendly to me. From this place I got one of my porters to carry her to Stanley Pool. Dr. Sims, a medical Missionary, was labouring at this Station and I knew I might leave her in his care with the greatest confidence. Some time after my return to England, I learned from my old Friend, Mr. G. W. Brooke, that under Dr. Sims' treatment she seemed better for a time. But the exposure and suffering she had endured in the forest had so weakened her that she was past human skill and she died. It was, however, a joy to me to know that under God I had saved her from a lonely death in the forest.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UP-TO-DATE.

SINCE my return to England my public life has been crowded with incidents both pleasurable and painful. These I am reserving for a possible continuation at some future date of my "Life-Story."

Each year has broadened my views of life in general, and more especially the life of the living Church of God. My direct personal intercourse and fellowship with Christians associated with the various Denominations into which their Church-life is divided, has taught me to love all them "that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth." This intercourse has not only given me many unlooked-for opportunities of happy service for the Master, but has also contributed largely to my intellectual growth and knowledge of men and things of which I must otherwise have remained ignorant.

The great regret of my life is, that up to the present, no open-door has presented itself by which I may return to my own People—the Dinkas—or any of the adjacent Tribes with whose language I am familiar, to be to them Christ's Ambassador, proclaiming the blessed news of Salvation. At times this saddens my heart. It is not easy to explain to the general public the difficulties that bar the way to the fulfilment of my heart's desire; but those who have followed the course of this narrative will see that these obstacles are real, and that it is not without reason that I say that humanly speaking, my return to the Soudan as a Missionary is, at present, impossible.

On the other hand, God has graciously used me in inciting in the hearts of His people in England, a desire and purpose to make greater efforts than they have done in the past to fill the dark Continent of Africa with the Messengers of His Word. I rejoice in this, and in respect to my present and future, I leave all in His Hands and cry with my whole heart "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, as in Heaven, so on earth." (R.V.)

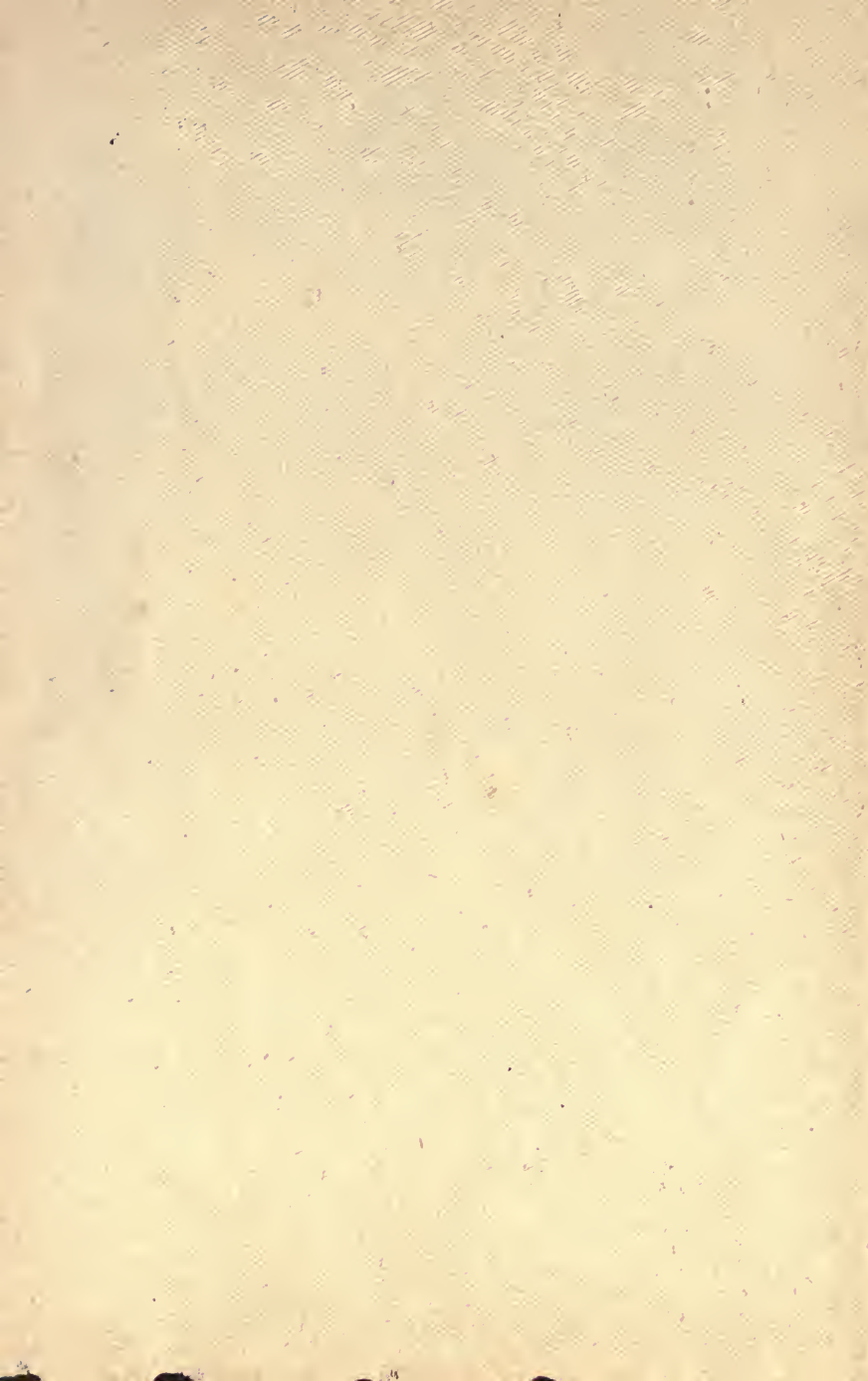
"JEHOVAH-NISSI."

All the events of my life have been a full confirmation of this Truth. Even in the days of my ignorance—JEHOVAH, as my "banner" went before me, and as my "shield" protected me. As time advances, I realise that HIS "banner" has been and is still going before me: and that HIS "shield" has been and is still my protection. Following that "banner" I anticipate greater service for the Master in the future than in the past. Confidently I will abide under HIS "shield" for the loving protection HE affords to all them that trust in HIM.

As to the future of my beloved native land and its People, I ask my Readers to join with me in the prayer that soon "JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU,"—"the Lord our Righteousness," may be their motto: as also that of all the Nations and Tribes of the earth.

FINIS.





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